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May 11th 1891.

Lucy A. Paton
from G. N.

March, 1919

WILTON AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

BY

JAMES SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "RURAL RECORDS," "ORACLES FROM THE BRITISH POETS," ETC.,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD,

BY

W. F. TIFFIN.

SALISBURY: GEORGE BROWN.
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The Honourable Mrs. Herbert,

THIS WORK

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OF

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

WHATEVER measure of success this work may attain will be mainly owing, I am persuaded, to its illustration by the pencil of Mr. Tiffin, with whom I esteem myself fortunate to have been associated in its production. For my own part, I have simply endeavoured to record a few of the picturesque incidents connected with the past history of Wilton, and certain of its more interesting associations in the most popular style I could command. I have abstained from encumbering the text by an enumeration of the various antiquarian, historical, and biographical authorities to which I have had recourse, as they will easily suggest themselves to the minds of those who are familiar with such subjects, and will be readily dispensed with by the general reader, for whom, indeed, the work is more especially intended. Writing at a distance from those invaluable stores of information to which a literary man has access in the metropolis, I fear I shall be found to have committed many oversights, which the learned antiquary will detect, and which I hope the extenuating circumstance I have mentioned will excuse.

J. S.

FEB., 1851.

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INDEX.

Chapter 1.	800 to 1066	1
Chapter 2.	1067 to 1450	13
Chapter 3.	1451 to 1558	39
Chapter 4.	The Elizabethan Era	57
Chapter 5.	Sir Philip Sidney	65
Chapter 6.	Philip Massinger	84
Chapter 7.	George Herbert	102
Chapter 8.	The Stuarts	118
Chapter 9.	The Pembroke Family	131
Chapter 10.	Some Notices of the "Chronicon Vilodunense."	160
Chapter 11.	Ancient and Modern Wilton	173
Notes	... ...	215

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE.

1. EDGAR AND WULFRITH 1
2. EDGAR, from a nearly contemporary illumination in the Cottonian Collection. Tib. A. 3 3
3. THE CLOISTERS 7
4. "A TRUCE ENSUED, AND THEN A PEACE." page 3 ... 12
5. NEWS OF BATTLE 13
6. TOURNAMENT 20
7. ALICE LANGTON 39
8. HEARTSEASE, Text-ornament 48
9. APPLE-BLOSSOM, Text-ornament 52
10. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, from the print by Warren, engraved from the picture in the possession of C. C. Dering, Esq. 65
11. FIRST THOUGHTS OF AN "ARCADIA" (Wilton Park) 70
12. PHILIP MASSINGER, from the scarce print by T. Cross, prefixed to his plays 84
13. MASSINGER IN THE LIBRARY AT WILTON 91
14. GEORGE HERBERT, from the print by R. White, prefixed to the first edition of his poems 102
15. BEMERTON CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, 1850 108
16. A PLAY AT WILTON HOUSE before James I. 123
17. "THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADIE MARY SIDNEY, WIFE OF THE LATE DECEASED HENRY HERBERT, EARLE OF PEMBROKE, &c.," from the rare print by Simon Passe, 1618 134

18. WILLIAM HERBERT, EARL OF PEMBROKE, from an original picture in the possession of Mr. Barnes, engraved for Lord Spencer's Clarendon 140
19. INITIAL LETTER P. The Pembroke Arms and Motto, "Ung je serviray." 144
20. WULFRITH. "For at the loctern sat a maid." ... 164
21. RUINS OF WILTON OLD CHURCH. Sketched August, 1850. (The Transept Windows have since been removed) 173
22. INTERIOR OF WILTON NEW CHURCH, 1850 194
23. WILTON HOUSE AND PALLADIAN BRIDGE, FROM THE PARK, 1850 199
24. HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN, from a drawing made about 1780, in the King's Library, British Museum ... 212
25. SEAL OF WILTON MONASTERY, from the engraving in Sir R. C. Hoare's Wilton Registers, and in the Archæologia, vol 8 214

The Illustrations are engraved by J. W. WHIMPER.

WILTON AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

WILTON AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

Chapter the First.

800 TO 1066.

HISTORY, Poetry, and Romance have all combined to give celebrity to Wilton. Its records are white with the hoar of antiquity, and its environs are consecrated by associations which connect them with men whose name and fame have overshadowed even those of royal contemporaries. Anciently the residence of Saxon Kings, in later times

the haunt of genius, and now the treasure-house of art, the Abbey has a triple claim upon our interest, and demands a lengthened notice at our hands. In fact its history is so interwoven with that of the neighbouring town, that in endeavouring to furnish the reader with a "brief abstract and chronicle" of all the various vicissitudes that have befallen the one, we incidentally narrate the history of the other.

Ten centuries and a half ago, a Saxon earl, wounded in battle, and lying in the article of death, founded a chantry here, hallowing by an act of peaceful piety the latest moments of a stormy life, and hoping to secure his soul's repose by rearing up a sanctuary and enjoining the performance of perpetual prayer. Thirty years later, King Egbert, at the instance of his sister, Alburga, converted the chantry into a priory; and, attracting to her side some thirteen maidens, dedicated to a life-long celibate, the Princess herself assumed the mantle and the ring, and so became first Prioress of Wilton. And, filling up the measure of their time with such good offices and spiritual ministrations as the obligations of their Order might enjoin, the sisters sought and found a life of peace. Built within bow-shot of a palace, and surrounded by a thriving town, anciently the capital of Wessex, the Priory appeared to occupy a site secure from the disastrous ravages of war,—to be a dovecot where the clanging of an eagle's wing would never scare the timid inmates from repose. And through the reigns of Ethelwulf and Edelbald, of Edelbert and Edelfred, the history of the Priory is a blank. Scarcely, however, had Alfred taken his seat upon the English throne, before the Danes, as sudden in their forays as a thunderbolt, and leaving, like the levin, desolation in their track, swept swiftly

down upon the place, gave battle to the King, fell back in partial rout, drew on the monarch in impetuous pursuit, rallied again, advanced their banners to a second charge, stemmed and hurled back the torrent of pursuit, and finally remained the victors of a hard fought field.

A truce ensued, and then a peace. The priory had shared the fate of many a humbler edifice, and been demolished by the rude pirates and vikings who served beneath the standard of the Danish King; but Alfred founded in its stead a monastery, choosing for its site the spot on which his palace formerly had stood, added a Lady Abbess and a dozen nuns to its original foundation, and ceased to make it the abode of royalty.

In the reign of Edgar we learn the occurrence of an incident strikingly characteristic of the monarch, if not of the age. A maiden lady of gentle birth, named Wulfrith, who was receiving her education at the monastery, according to the custom of the period, attracted the youthful monarch's amorous regards. The better to defend herself against his importunities, she wore the veil which she had not yet ceremoniously assumed; but nothing availed to screen her from the unscrupulous Edgar's lawless will, and, retiring to Kemsing, in Kent, which formed part of the possessions of the monastery, she gave birth to a female child, who received the name of Edith, and afterwards became the patron saint of the Monastery.

Wulfrith returned to Wilton, and the Church (speaking by its imperious mouthpiece, Dunstan) fulminated its thunders against the King, who expiated his sacrilege by fasting and by alms, by the foundation and endowment of a monastery at Shaftesbury, and by the postponement of his coronation for seven years.

Upon the death of his first wife, Elfled, Edgar offered to elevate Wulfrith to the throne; but she shrunk from an alliance with a monarch whose licentiousness had become the theme of popular song, and devoted herself to the godly training of her daughter, Edith,

> "The sweetest little maid
> That ever crow'd for kisses."

She received the veil from St. Ethelwold, and was eventually elevated to the dignity of an Abbess. During her Abbacy, some clerks, journeying with the bones of a Welch saint in their possession, accepted the hospitality of the Lady Wulfrith, and deposited their relics on the altar of the church, whilst they retired to rest. In the morning, we are gravely told, the casket was found to be so firmly fixed upon its resting-place, that the utmost force was ineffectual to remove it. Whether the Abbess was deep in the mysteries of magnetism, or whether the efforts of the holy men were paralyzed by the gift of two thousand shillings, we are not informed; we only learn that they received the magnificent gratuity and "departed sorrowful." Wulfrith, like the relics, found her last resting-place within the monastery, beneath a sumptuous marble tomb erected to her memory. In conformity with the policy both of Edgar and of Dunstan, she had brought the monastery within the Benedictine rule; and her remains were subsequently

canonized. A similar distinction was conferred on those of Edith, whose death preceded that of her mother, after having successively declined the Abbacy of Winchester and the English throne, to which she was invited after the murder of Edward the Martyr. Her remains were interred by St. Dunstan in a church which she had just built, and the dedication of which she survived only six weeks; but were afterwards transferred to the Monastery church, of which she then became the patron saint.

Beyond the legendary miracles current in a superstitious age, we meet with little to interest us in the records of the monastery until the commencement of the eleventh century, when rumours are rife within its walls of a general assassination of the Danes, and presently the old traditionary terrors of the rugged Northmen revive in all their former force, the dying words of Gunhilda are bruited abroad from mouth to mouth, and dim presentiments are felt of some impending and terrible revenge. The ominous raven is again seen fluttering above a fleet of Danish pinnaces crowding with press of sail towards the coast of Devonshire. Svein lands and marches with hot haste on Exeter, which he invests, captures and dismantles: his bloody track is traced through Dorsetshire by smouldering embers and by gashed and gory carcases strewn thick upon his path: an army is hastily organised to resist his fierce approach, and the command is foolishly entrusted to Elfric, a traitor and a criminal, who consummates his treachery and crime by feigning sickness on the eve of battle, and betrays his army to the invader, whose onward march is thus maintained without a single check. Wilton is once more smitten by the Dane's red hand. Plunder and

rapine, fire and the sword make wild havoc with the town and monastery. All night long, the crackling flames shoot up their fiery tongues and streak the sky with lines of lurid light; all night long their fitful glare shows ghastly corpses floating down the crimsoned Nadder, and morning dawns upon the charred and blackened ruins which attest the summary vengeance of an implacable foe. Woman nor child, nor priest nor clerk are spared from slaughter by the angry Dane, who, when his fearful mission is complete, withdraws as swiftly as he came, and leads his army to the sea.

True to that elasticity of character which is an instinct of the Saxon race, the fugitives who had escaped the Northmen's sword, returned to their old haunts, rebuilt their homesteads, and eventually effaced all traces of the merciless havoc which the Danes had wrought. Ten years later, the invader re-appeared and superseded Ethelred the Unready in the occupation of a throne he had neither the courage nor the ability to keep. Four Danish monarchs subsequently swayed the sceptre of our land, and then the crown reverted to the ancient Saxon line. The weak and woman-hearted Confessor, as feeble in will as he was firm in faith, who was negatively good and positively nothing, who was fitter for the cloister than the court, and who dreamed away a life made eminent by no great act, and deformed by only one great crime, succeeded the intemperate and sordid Hardicanute.

Editha, the Confessor's wife, rebuilt the monastery, which anciently had been an edifice of wood, but now rose up a fair-proportioned, stately, pile of stone. She had spent the early portion of her life at Wilton, and her monkish biographer speaks of her in enthusiastic

terms, albeit not without certain grateful reminiscences of the open-handed bounty of the Queen, and the easily accessible enjoyments of the Royal larder. Perhaps the clearest proof that can be furnished of the amiability of her character, is to be found in the fact that she did not despise the husband with whom she was so oddly mated, or rather, mis-allied.

And now ensues an interval of uneventful calm; and we may shadow forth a pleasant picture of the

daily life of these secluded nuns. At Matins, Prime, and Tierce, at Sext and Nones, at Vespers and at Complin, we may see them gliding through the cloisters in their sombre robes, and cowls, and scapularies, and hear

> "The organ rolling through the court
> A long melodious thunder to the sound
> Of solemn psalms and silver litanies;"

or watch them portioning out the alm's-men's daily

dole; or practising the leech's healing art; or uttering words of hope or consolation to the mourner's ear; or teaching children from the neighbouring town some portion of their own religious lore. Spring spreads a "light of laughing flowers" upon the sward without, and Summer shadows, broad and deep, make cool green resting-places underneath the leafy trees; Autumn's soft melancholy eves descend upon the monastery walls, and Winter's bright, clear, icy skies glitter above its clustering roofs, and still the inmates tread the same unvarying round, until they sleep beneath the shadow of the church in which they offered up a daily sacrifice of prayer.

The fasts and festivals, which marked each epoch of the ecclesiastical year, recurred with too much regularity to be regarded as disturbing the even tenour of monastic life. Picturesque, dramatic and symbolic in their character, they were vivid illustrations of the progress of Time, and graphic memorials of the great events of Gospel History. The solemn vigils which ushered in the festival of Christmas; the jubilant commemoration of the Nativity; the long trail of festive services which immediately ensued; the consecration of candles on the Feast of the Purification; the censing and distribution of branches of box-wood on Palm Sunday; the Penitential services of Passion Week; the washing of pauper's feet, the almsgiving and antiphonal chaunts of Maundy Thursday; the kindling of the taper upon the serpent-spear on Good Friday; the veneration, exaltation, and entombment of the Cross at Easter; the symbolized descent of the Holy Ghost at Whitsuntide; and the processional pomp of Trinity Sunday, were so many pictorial commentaries on the circumstances commemorated,

and combined to offer an illuminated calendar of months and days.

But sailing down the stream of time, we pause upon the brink of one of those historical cataracts which communicate new impulses and give another direction to the current of events.

The lingering glory of an autumn sunset, in the year of Grace 1066, crimsons a battle-field in Sussex, where the last Saxon King lies weltering in gore,—the legendary vaunt upon his banners fatally belied,—his dynasty extinct. Three months later, the son of the laundress of Falaise adds to his ducal coronet the "golden circle of a King," and distributes with a liberal hand the broad lands and rich revenues of the conquered state. Wilton was, at this time, the "first and most valuable of the royal boroughs in Wilts," and Domesday Book records its contributions to the monarch's coffers to have more than doubled those it yielded in the time of the Confessor.

Christina, sister of Edgar Atheling, was Abbess of the monastery at the period of the conquest, and here she educated her niece Matilda, to whom the discipline and dreary habiliments of the Order were anything but palatable. The imposition of the veil, she regarded as an especial and intolerable grievance, and old Eadmer has not thought it beneath the dignity of his pen to record that she wore it with sighs and tears, in the presence of her stern aunt, and the moment she found herself alone, flung it on the ground and stamped it under her feet. She spent seven years in this conventual seclusion, mingling the solace of music with the severer studies of the age; and, refusing the offers of two noble suitors, Alan, Duke of Bretagne and William, Earl of Surrey, both kinsmen of the

conqueror, she eventually conferred her hand upon his son, Henry Beauclerc, thus blending the rival lines, and consolidating her husband's tenure of his throne;—an event which Robert of Gloucester has thus ruggedly recorded:—

"Special love there had ere been, as I understand,
Between him and the King's fair daughter, Maud of Scotland.
So that he willed her to wife, and the bishops also,
And the high men of the land radde him thereto."

Seen through the hazy medium of nearly eight hundred intervening years—our perceptions at the same time mystified by a constant mental reference to the present limited extent and population of the town,—it is not easy to "realize" an accurate picture of Wilton in the eleventh century. Taking our stand, in imagination, beneath the shadow of the quaintly-carved and timber-built *gild*-hall or market-house, on a bright May morning in the year 106–, we find ourselves surrounded by a maze of streets, in which the heavy, cumbrous, and unsightly houses manifest no traces of the massive grandeur and severe simplicity which characterize the architecture of the numerous churches, that rise at frequent intervals above that humming hive of plodding burghers. We disinter the buried Past and find ourselves brought face to face with a generation whose lineaments and language bear some affinity to ours, but whose garb, habits, and customs, yet retain the impress of their old Teutonic origin. We see the Saxon thegn go by, his long fair hair disparted at the crown and falling down on either side his face, clad in his linen tunic, *brech* and hose, a falcon on his wrist, a brace of stag-hounds at his heels:—we watch the tonsured monk glide past, with

cold abstracted eyes, and lips that seem mechanically to murmur prayer. We hear the wandering gleeman chanting rude ballads to a circle of admiring listeners, where theows and thralls are mingled with the craftsmen of the town; and note the crowd fall off and watch with lowering brows the smooth-faced Norman soldier, in hauberk, helm, and capuchin, stride past, one hand instinctively playing with the sword which constitutes his title to thrust his thankless presence on the people of this sometime Saxon city. We catch the sound of jingling bells, and presently discern a long train of pack-horses laden with merchandise, defiling down the narrow streets and disappearing beneath the gateway of an inn; or possibly the measured tread of all the members of a *gild-scipe*, following a *gild* man's body to the grave, arrests the eye and flings a passing cloud upon the scene.

In the number and variety of the crafts pursued by those who tenanted the shops—the greater part of which were held at service-rents, according to the custom of the age—we may discover evidences of the early increment of that middle class which, though at first rigorously oppressed by the domination of the drovers of Normandy, the weavers of Flanders, and the other ignoble nobles of the Norman conqueror, was eventually destined to win back more than its ancient liberties, and by the force of the indomitable energy, and the inherent genius of its character, to make the English name honoured and feared in every corner of the earth, the Anglo-Saxon tongue the language, and the Anglo-Saxon race the governors, of half the world. Besides the industrial occupations exercised by those immediately concerned in ministering to the wants and primary conveniences of the

community, weavers and dyers, bowyers and tapisers, embroiderers and *milaners*, goldsmiths and enluminours, practised their several arts beneath the fostering patronage of the monastery and the other ecclesiastical establishments of the town. In fact, the prosperity of Wilton if it had not reached its culminating point, had certainly approached it closely at the period of the Norman Conquest.

Chapter the Second.

1067 to 1450.

The temporal burthens of the Monastery during the Saxon times do not appear; but we may well believe that they sustained no diminution at the Conquest,

when we learn that "the possessions of this monastery were rated at five knight's fees, and the abbess was consequently obliged to find five knights with their attendant squires and ten harnessed horses, and maintain them for forty days on every occasion of war, besides paying aids, scutages, &c. for each fee as often as the Crown could devise a plea for demanding them."

Upon the laity, the Conqueror's hand fell no less heavily, and the vicinity of Wilton to the strong hill fort of Sarum, where the three lion banner had supplanted the white horse, must have rendered resistance to the plunder and violence of the Normans, perfectly hopeless. The chequered page of English history presents few narratives more saddening than that which chronicles the rapine and brutality, the bloodshed and licence of those who now claimed a property in the lands and fortunes, wives and daughters, of the conquered people. Ordericus Vitalis and William of Malmesbury dwell with a simple pathos and a patriotic execration upon the servitude and deprivations imposed upon the men, and the insults and cruel outrages offered to even the noblest women of the land, by the dissolute soldiers and ruffianly camp followers of the Norman army. Often, says Roger de Hoveden, for the remains of the repast of a groom in the Norman army, the Saxon, once illustrious among his countrymen, in order to sustain his miserable life, came to sell himself and his whole family to perpetual slavery. The act of sale, adds Thierry, was registered upon the blank page of some missal, where still may be found, half effaced, and serving as a theme for the sagacity of the antiquaries, these monuments of the wretchedness of a bygone period.

Saxon outlaws filled the woods and wilds, and every

man's house was literally "his castle." Men went to rest with fear, and rose—if undisturbed by any night attack—in thankfulness. As night closed in, prayers, such as those the mariner puts up in perilous storms upon the sea, were solemnly recited; and to the *Benedicite* with which the closing of the doors and shutters was accompanied, a *Dominus* was the invariable and reverent response.

The reigns of William the First, of Rufus, and of Henry Beauclerc were signalised by the oppression and gradual degradation of the Saxon race, and by the elevation, aggrandizement and increase of the intruding Normans. Upon the death of the latter monarch, the disputed succession to the throne super-added a civil war to the other afflictions of the kingdom, and Wilton sustained severe calamities in consequence.

From the shifting scenes with which the eyes of the burghers of Wilton were familiar in the reign of Stephen, we will select but two, in illustration of the startling and sudden vicissitudes which befel the fortunes of this ancient town.

It is the high festival of Easter, and Wilton swarms with the faithful children of the church. Here, the Empress Maud, "snatching a fearful joy" during an interval of calm, sojourns in regal state, and hither Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury has arrived, to offer her the fealty and allegiance of a subject. The *Office of the Sepulchre* is to be performed within the monastery church in presence of the Empress and her retinue, who occupy the Galilee, which glitters with their rich attire. The nave and choir are strewn with ivy leaves; tapestry ornaments the stalls; the imagery of the rood-loft has been painted and blazoned afresh;

precious reliquaries adorn the Perticæ around the altar, and the sunbeams, as they struggle through the clouds of incense, which float about the church, shine on the richest vestments which the sumptuary regulations of the Benedictine order will allow.

The wailing music of the organ slowly palpitates upon the air, and three Deacons habited in dalmatics and amices, with womanly gear about their heads, and vases in their hands, advance along the choir, and, pausing before the Sepulchre, exclaim "Who will remove this stone for us?" A boy, robed like an angel, in snow-white albs, and holding a wheat-ear in his hand, enquires; "Whom seek ye in the Sepulchre?" The representatives of the three Maries respond "Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified." Whereto the angel makes reply "He is not here, he hath arisen;" and with his finger points upward to the roof, and glides away. Two priests, in tunics, sitting without the sepulchre, ask "Why do ye mourn, oh, women? and for whom do ye make search?" The Maries, kissing the Sepulchre, retire in mournful silence; and presently a priest robed in an alb and stole, bearing a cross, and representing Christ, advances from the altar, and in a voice which sends a thrill through every awe-struck listener, exclaims reproachfully "Mary!" And then Mary of Naim falling at his feet, utters a cry of anguish, and the figure, representing Christ, recedes behind the Dorsal altar-veil, with a parting exhortation to the Maries "not to fear." They turn towards the choir with faces that glow with exultation, the organ peals forth its jubilant thunders, and every voice joins in the stirring strain, "Alleluia, the Lord is Risen." This is the signal for the grand thanksgiving hymn, and at the

words " Holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth," the saunce bell is heard ringing, clear and silvery, above the unison of voices, above the organ's swell, and above the simultaneous rustling of robes, as the worshippers sink upon their knees in adoration of the Host.

The sacred rite, the time, the place, the very aspect of every thing without the monastery walls—the cooing of the doves upon the roof—the play of the young leaves expanding to the light—the languid motion of the fleecy clouds skimming athwart the cheerful sky—the gentle lapping of the river, gliding past the garden walls—breathe peace, and seem visibly to express the benediction with which the Archbishop terminates the ceremonial we have attempted to describe.

A few months pass by, and the inmates of the monastery, and the inhabitants of the town, experience all the horrors and atrocities of war. In 1143, King Stephen arrived at Wilton with his brother the Bishop of Winchester and a large force, " intending," says Gervase of Canterbury, as quoted by Sir R. C. Hoare, " to convert the monastery into a place of military defence, to restrain the excursions of the garrison of Salisbury, which had done much for the Empress in opposition to his interests." But while the fortifications of the monastery were yet in progress, and Stephen was reposing in fancied security within its walls, Robert Earl of Gloucester, the Castellan of Sarum, suddenly appeared before the town, and invested the half-fortified monastery. The time chosen for the raid was sunset. By the soft and shadowy light, yet lingering in the west, the spectator might discern the roofs and battlements of the edifice bristling with men at arms, and the royal standard

floating from the bell tower, which rose conspicuously above the tapering pinnacles and gable-ends, whose quaint outlines were defined in bold and black relief against the western sky. A brief parley with the beleaguering foe—menaces from without—defiance from within—a storm of arrows from the attackers, answered by another shower of arrows and projectiles from the attacked, and then the word is given to force the ponderous gates, and beneath the heavy blows of axes, clubs, and hammers, the iron ribs and bosses of those valves give way, and a tumultuous tide of men pours in, checked for a moment by the resistance offered by the firm and compact mass of the besieged, who, inch by inch, contest the occupation of the monastery with the dogged bravery of beasts at bay. Hand to hand, and foot to foot, besiegers and besieged, mingle in promiscuous and bloody strife. The pavement, slippery with gore, scarcely offers a stedfast footing to the combatants, and every moment the battle waxes in fierceness and intensity, every moment the strife assumes a character more bitter, merciless, and deadly, until a cry re-echoes from the farthest extremity of the building of "We are deserted! the King has fled!" and then defence is paralyzed, and the conflict is abandoned in the hopelessness of despair.

Flushed by conquest and animated by the booty which had fallen to his share, in the sack of the monastery, the baggage, plate, and valuables of the monarch, and divers prisoners of rank, each worth a liberal ransom, the Earl of Gloucester levelled his vengeance against the town, which was once more destined to be given to the flames. Evening had deepened into night, when, from various quarters of the place, columns of vivid light shot up, and such

of the panic-stricken inhabitants as had not followed the monarch in his flight, beheld the "night made hideous" by a glaring mockery of the day. Swiftly sped the flames, and roof and tower and pillared porch came toppling down with a crash that sent up jets of sparkling embers into the hot and smoky air:—the fiery element swept on its devastating course, and knew no pause, until the work of ruin was complete, and here an isolated church, and there a cross or chantry, or other edifice of stone, alone survived the general wreck, and lifted up its white and ghastly walls, calcined by the fierceness of the heat, above the awful mass of smouldering timber, merchandize and household gear, which marked the former site of Wilton, and wrote, in characters of fire, a fearful commentary on the inhuman civil warfare of the age. And by the ruddy glare of that huge conflagration, which blurred the starlight and obscured the soft sheen of the setting moon, the Earl of Gloucester and his incendiary followers, retraced their steps towards the fortress of Old Sarum, while, from the downs, the wan white face of many a houseless outcast looked wistfully towards the devastated town, and many a voice was raised, and many a hand was clenched, and many an arm stretched out, in impotent malediction against the pitiless and bloody earl.

Thenceforward, Wilton was spared the infliction of the torch and sword. The military spirit of the age, however, tinctured the popular sports, and was stimulated from time to time by the rumours which reached the town of conflicts upon the plains of Syria, or, at a later date, upon the memorable battle-fields of France. The quintain, the mimic joust, the archery butts, and bouts at quarter-staff found equal favour

with knight and churl; and the proclamation of a tournament (A.D. 1194), which was appointed to be holden in the immediate vicinity of the town, was hailed with as much delight by the poorest hind upon

the monastery farms as by the actual participators in the tourney. We need not enter into the details of a pastime and a pageant which every reader of Ivanhoe will readily picture to his own mind, and which we have recently seen revived, with somewhat ambiguous success. It will be sufficient to remark the occurrence as one which would be eagerly looked forward to, and long remembered by the inhabitants of Wilton in the reign of Richard the First.

Thirty-five years after this event, we alight upon an incident, remarkable in itself, and in the untoward influences it subsequently exercised upon the fortunes of Wilton. The citizens of Sarum, following the example of their priestly guides, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, were gradually detaching themselves from the skirts of the military stronghold on the hill, and clustering, like bees, around the rudiments of that great pile which was slowly taking

form and beauty in the "Lady Mead," at the confluence of the Avon and the ~~Bourne~~. Where the lark had built her nest and the water-ousel reared her young, where sheep had browsed and mowers' scythes had rustled through the grass, streets were laid out and houses reared, and the cheerful hum of industry was heard from early dawn until the evening curfew knolled. Inns, too, sprung up, like those which sheltered Chaucer and his delightful story-telling comrades, upon their memorable pilgrimage, and all the appurtenances of a thriving town followed in due course. A royal grant, conferring on the citizens immunities and privileges like those enjoyed by the inhabitants of Winchester and other free cities and burghs, gave a visible impulse to the prosperity of the rising city. A politic Bishop spanned the Avon with a new bridge, and changed the direction of the Great Western Road, which had formerly impinged on Wilton. Travellers to and from the towns and cities of the West forsook the "antique ways," and found in the city of New Sarum a convenient resting place, and an expanding market for their wares.

Wilton keenly felt the rivalry of its new competitor, and resorted to expedients to retain the stream of men and merchandize within its former channel, which would be scarcely applicable to the luggage trains and travelling bagmen of the nineteenth century. The Bailiffs of the town deliberately waylaid the merchants and *compelled* them to expose their merchandize in the market of Wilton, as they had been accustomed to do, prior to the diversion of the road. If threats and menaces failed, they had recourse to cudgels, and led these primitive pioneers of commerce captive into the town, where, on compulsion, they

offered the wares in which they dealt to public competition. Or, if the Bailiffs graciously permitted them free passage to the rival mart, they levied black-mail upon them first, and eased their leathern pouches of a portion of their weighty coin. This unauthorized collection of *octroi* continued in operation for not less than five years, and of course produced some litigation and an infinite deal of bad blood. Inquiries were instituted by the Judges in Eyre, but their decisions neither retarded the prosperity of New Sarum, nor checked the decline of Wilton, and upwards of a century elapsed before the contest was put an end to by the issue of a proclamation (A.D. 1361), which defined the days on which the inhabitants of both places were permitted to hold their markets. But all this time, Wilton was waning fast. Houses and shops untenanted and falling to decay; the migration of artificers and tradesmen to its continually enlarging rival; grass growing in the court yards of the inns which formerly were thronged with men and merchandize; the seldom appearance in the streets of the wandering glee-men and jugglers, mimes and mendicants who earned a scanty livelihood by beguiling the leisure moments or appealing to the sympathies of the thriving burghers or the hostel-guests; the closing of one or two of the churches from a two-fold lack of funds and worshippers;—all these were melancholy evidences of irretrievable decay.

In the reign of Edward the First, and during the Abbacy of Juliana Giffard, an event occurred which must have sadly scandalized the fair and pious sisterhood of the monastery, and furrowed the frowning brows of every dignitary of the Church. One Osborn Giffard, a gentleman of knightly rank, and possibly a

kinsman of the Abbess, not heeding the sanctity of the place, nor the consequences of the act, carried off two inmates of the monastery, not probably without some tokens of assent from the captive nuns. The crime, however, was of too flagrant a character to be either overlooked or lightly punished by the rulers of the Church, and the penalties inflicted on the daring knight may be cited as an evidence of the terrible weapons wielded by the ecclesiastical authorities in those days.

First, by way of enforcing submission, the offender was excommunicated: then, on exhibiting contrition to his sacerdotal judges, the ban of excommunication was removed, and the following penances enjoined:—(1) restitution of the nuns; (2) the imposition of an obligation never again to enter a religious house of females, or hold converse with a nun, during the term of his natural existence; (3) that he should be whipped, naked, with rods, on three several Sundays in the parish church of Wilton, and as often both in the market and the parish church of Shaftesbury (probably as a salutary warning to the young ladies of *that* monastery not to suffer their eyes to rest upon the handsome face, or their ears listen to the glozing tongue of a young and gallant knight, even though he *should* chance to be a kinsman of the Lady Abbess); (4) that he should fast for many months; and (5) that he should relinquish the insignia of knightly dignity, assume a russet-coloured garb, or else endue his limbs with sheep-skin, and go shirtless for three whole years, during which period he should perform a pilgrimage to the Holy Land;—all which, observes our venerable authority, he swore faithfully to perform!

In 1298, the Church again vindicated its privileges and exhibited its punitive powers, for we find that a sentence of excommunication was passed upon certain persons for violently dragging out a criminal who had taken sanctuary in the church-yard of St. Edith.

In 1349, Wilton was visited by a pestilence so sudden, secret, and mysterious in its operations, and so deadly in its effects, that men commonly believed that the earth had reached the period of its existence, and that the Day of Judgment was at hand. Before its malignant influence, men withered away like grass. They were smitten by it in the fields, and died, like dogs, beneath the shelter of a hedge. Its ravages spared neither rank, nor sex, nor age. The child died upon its mother's breast; the wife perished by her husband's side. It snapped the feeble thread of life in the patriarchs of the town, and knew no pity for the youthful bride. At first, the Host was daily carried in procession through the streets, and the sick and dying crawled out to see it pass, and some fell dead upon the spot, with prayers upon their lips, and some blasphemed, in utter hopelessness of their recovery, and died delirious. By and bye, the offices of religion were inaccessible:—many of the priests were dead, and those, who yet survived, immured themselves at home, and strove to stay the pestilence by fasting and by prayer. The ties of friendship, brotherhood, and parentage were violently sundered. Mothers shrunk, shudderingly, from their stricken children; the husband fled from the wife on whom the pestilence had laid its fatal hand, and the strong desire of self-preservation reigned paramount over every other thought and feeling. Tillage was neglected, traffic suspended, shops closed, churches

deserted, the divisions of the Calendar almost forgotten, and the very fabric of society seemed crumbling away beneath the appalling pressure of this terrible calamity. No authentic record of the mortality occasioned by the pestilence, in this particular town, remains; but, looking at the rate which universally prevailed, it would be only a moderate estimate to assume, that one-third of the inhabitants of Wilton fell victims to the memorable pestilence of the year of desolation, 1349.

It ceased, and the terrors of the time died gradually away; but occasionally the spade of the excavator brings to light—in most unlooked-for places, in the town and neighbourhood—heaps of human bones which were rudely and hastily sepultured five hundred years ago, and which furnish a theme for the ingenious conjectures of those, by whom they have been thus unexpectedly disinterred.

Meantime a laxity of discipline had crept inside the monastery walls, and during the Abbacy of Sibilla Aucher (A.D. 1379), Bishop Wyvill issued an episcopal ordinance for the better government of the sisterhood. Some of the regulations are sufficiently amusing, and indicate the irregularities they were intended to rectify, as the following extracts will testify:—

4. Each Nun, having scholars or pupils, shall reprove their faults kindly, without harsh or naughty words *(villaines paroles)*, or nick-names, and if they do not amend, they shall be punished severely, at the discretion of the Abbess.

11. The parlour to be at all times well guarded, and no Nun to go from the cloisters to the parlour without permission, nor to speak to a *man* but in the presence of another Nun, under penalty of "*une*

jurneye de la quisine." The guardians of the parlour to be sage nuns and of some discretion.

17. No Nuns to have young male children under their care, under a penalty of living on bread and water so long as such infants remain with them.

26. The Convent is forbidden under pain of interdict to make for the future any "*Miracles, Treches Caroles,*" or other manner of superstitions; or to make or cause to be made "*Roy, Reigne, Evesque,* or *Jeune Abbesse,*" or any such follies at the great festivals, which tend rather to the decay of true religion.

27. No Clerk, Laic, or Religious, shall be permitted to be in the choir or to sing with the Nuns, whereby slander may arise, under pain of one month's suspension to the Abbess and Convent.

28. The Dormitory and other buildings being out of repair and ruinous, the Abbess is charged to repair them under penalty of suspension; but not to erect *sumptuous, voluptuous,* or *outrageous* buildings, either there or elsewhere.

31. Whereas the Nuns complain that the bread, milk, and beer *(cervoise,)* are so very bad that they are obliged to sell what is allowed to them, and purchase better with the money, to their great loss, the Bishop informs the Abbess that the property of the Monastery is not hers, but that it is her duty to dispense it faithfully; he therefore commands her to take care, for the future, that the same kind of bread be distributed to them as is used in her private chamber, and that they have the same kind of beer *(cervoise),* as she drinks herself, under pain of suspension till the matter be redressed; and those persons who supply the Monastery with bread and beer are to be sworn yearly in full chapter that this ordinance is complied

with, and that they supply the same kind and quality as to the Abbess.

In confirmation of the existence of many and flagrant abuses in the great monasteries at this period, we have only to turn to the "Vision of Piers Plowman," written about seventeen years before the issue of Bishop Wyvill's ordinance, and which abounds with passages which satirize the avarice and licentiousness of the church to which the writer belonged. The Latin poems of Walter Mapes were addressed to the minds of the educated classes, but the alliterative verse of Robert Langlande—circulating in manuscript and orally diffused—spoke to the mother-wit of the lower classes in their homely mother-tongue, and paved the way for the preaching of the Lollards and the actual accomplishment of that memorable prophecy, which two hundred years afterwards was literally brought to pass:—

"Ther shal come a Kyng
And confess yow religiouses,
And bete yow as the bible telleth
For brekynge of youre rule;—
And thanne shall the Abbot of Abingdon
And al his issue for evere
Have a knok of a king,
And incurable the wounde."

Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, we meet with traces of that active spirit of competition in trade, fostered by the popular love of beer, which has been falsely claimed as one of the results of modern civilization. Hops being as yet unknown, the malt liquor of those days was probably drunk in a very mild and partially fermented state, and the contending brewers (of whom there appear to have been fourteen) were perpetually struggling for priority in

ministering to the public wants. Finally it became a matter of such importance that it was referred for adjudication to the Mayor, who (in 1464) effected a reconciliation between these fractious brewers, by ordering that five should brew on Monday, five on Wednesday, and four on Friday weekly. The price of the best beer at this time was one penny, and that of the secondary sort one-third of a penny per flagon, —a flagon being equivalent to one gallon and a half of our present measure.

Concurrently with these events of local history (the meagre product of four centuries), momentous occurrences have taken place elsewhere, bearing directly on the public weal, and furnishing to generation after generation of the inhabitants of Wilton, the staple of their daily talk.

In the Chapter House of the Monastery, the Abbess, Prioress, and Sisterhood have debated Becket's death with mingled awe and sorrow, and have felt a sense of triumph in the subsequent penance of the King.

In the ingle-nook, at the church-porch and by the market-cross,—wherever men have met for barter, worship, or for social intercourse, the romantic narrative of the Crusaders, and the story of the "Lion-heart's" imprisonment have never failed to fascinate the attention of a crowd of eager listeners.

Wounded stragglers from Evesham have possibly found their way into the Almonry or Hostrey of the Convent, and, in their own rude fashion, rehearsed the history of that memorable fight. And later triumphs—the victories of Crecy and Poitiers,—appealing to the old antipathies of race, supplied a never-failing source of earnest and enthusiastic col-

loquy to every class which had contributed its quota to the armies of the gallant Prince.

The outbreak of the servile classes found ardent sympathizers among the serfs and villeins of the neighbouring villages, who cherished the memory of Wat Tyler, as that of a martyr to their cause, and cursed the hated name of Justice Tresilian as an enemy to the unenfranchised poor.

Of the battle of Agincourt, there is every reason to believe an official notice was forwarded to the Mayor of Wilton, and promulgated by him to the community at large. *How* the intelligence was received may be inferred from the language which Shakspere puts into the mouth of Henry the Fifth, upon the eve of battle:—

> "He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
> Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
> And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
> He that shall see this day, and live old age,
> Will, yearly on the vigil, feast his neighbours,
> And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian:
> Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars:
> Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
> But he'll remember, with advantages,
> What feats he did that day: Then shall our names
> Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
> Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
> Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
> Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered:
> This story shall the good man teach his son;
> And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
> From this day to the ending of the world,
> But we in it shall be remembered:
> We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
> For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
> Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
> This day shall gentle his condition:

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day."

Picture the Mayor, a man of worship, no less by virtue of his office, than in respect to his velvet cloak and glittering chain,—planted upon the highest of the flight of steps which form the basis of the market cross. Around him are grouped the Aldermen, and Burgesses, and Common Councilmen, and immediately beside him, stands a literate friar, who being competent to render the Norman French, in which the MS. gazette is written, into the vulgar tongue, expounds its import to the crowd. The crowd, itself, exhibits all that picturesque diversity of garb which unavoidably resulted from the sumptuary legislation of the age. Yeomen are there in coats and hoods of green ; members of the various gilds in the livery and badges of their several fraternities; franklins in cloth of silk, with silver ornaments, and silken purses ostentatiously depending from their girdles;—shepherds and hinds in garments of the coarsest russet wool, and home-spun linen girdles ;—and, contrasting with the generally sombre tone of colour which prevails, the white coverchiefs, with which the poorer sort of women ornament their heads, let scattered lights into the picture we have roughly sketched. It is not difficult to conceive the enthusiasm with which this proclamation of a glorious victory would be received,—how grateful to the ears of every listener would be the recital of the doughty deeds of those who fought at Agincourt, how some amidst the crowd would proudly speak of kinsfolk who had followed "Harry the King" to battle,—how bowyers, skilful in their craft, would

call to mind *their* contributions to the means of victory,—how every cord-wainer would exalt his patron saint, and all would glory in the prowess of the men before whose stalwart arms, the chivalry of France had fallen on the field. "Freshly remembered in their flowing cups," no doubt it was, and one most remarkable result of this great battle was, that it inspired the earliest English musical composition which is now extant, to which, in many and many an after year, was sung the popular thanksgiving hymn—

Deo gratias Anglia,
Redde pro victoria!
Oure Kynge went forth to Normandy,
With grace and myzt of chyvalry,
The God for hym wrouzt marv'lusly,
Wherefore Englande may calle and cry
Deo gratias Anglia,
Redde pro victoria!

And so, from time to time, these townsmen caught some faint reverberations of the storms which shook the world, and felt a ripple of the distant waves which shattered realms and swept away the great and mighty of the earth.

If we carry our thoughts forward for five and thirty years, we shall arrive at a period just four centuries earlier than that at which we write; and it may assist the reader who desires to draw a contrast between the middle of the nineteenth and the middle of the fifteenth century, if we conclude this chapter with some brief notices of what was passing before the eyes of the inhabitants of Wilton, A.D. 1450.

The old belief in matters of religion yet maintained its former hold upon the popular affections, though here and there the "wicked, heretical, and erroneous

opinions" (to quote the language of their enemies) of the Lollards were creeping into men's minds and inspiring them with the heroic spirit of martyrs. Externally, however, Wilton wore a thoroughly Catholic aspect. The Preaching Friar set up his temporary pulpit in the market-place, and expounded his doctrines to the people in their mother tongue. The Pardoner, with his wallet full of relics, dispensations, and indulgences, fearless of Councils and strong in his reliance on popular credulity, vended his bulls and bones in open day, and promised to assoil men's souls as glibly as he undertook to cure their bodily maladies by virtue of his wonder-working fragments of saintly anatomies. The Host, with tapers, cross, and aspersion of the kneeling crowd, was borne in procession through the busy streets, and possibly bespoke a prayer—from those who marked its progress—for the dying man, into whose chamber it would carry consolation, and who only waited for his *viaticum* to depart in peace. Once in three months, or oftener, the *glutton-mass* was held, when, the religious rite being first performed, each worshipper brought forth his contribution to the feast, the church re-echoed with the din of revelry, and priest and layman mingled in rude and riotous excesses, intended to do especial honour to the Virgin Mother.

Sometimes the brethren of the Hospital of St. John would receive beneath their roof a Palmer from the Holy Land, who shared their evening meal and joined the circle as it gathered round the fire, while winter winds were moaning round the building like a human voice, or making wild music in the icy trees without. Unfolding all his pilgrimage, that sun-burnt, way-worn man assumed a more than human interest in the eyes

of those who listened to his history, for he had walked barefooted up the Dolorous Way, knelt at the Sepulchre, and worshipped at the Shrine of the Nativity, had stood upon the Mount of Olives, and kissed the hallowed site of Calvary.

And Wilton did not want for pilgrims of a less excursive character—substantial burgesses, who had strayed as far as Walsingham, and laid their offerings on Becket's shrine at Canterbury. These, too, were local lions in their way, for there were dangers to be braved, and adventures to be encountered, even in a journey into Kent, or the remoter wilds of Norfolk. Moreover, it was something to have seen the Virgin's shrine, the miraculous wicket, the finger of St. Peter, the solidified milk, and the gold and silver statues religiously preserved at Walsingham;—to have actually looked upon the point of the sword which cleft à Becket's skull, to have kissed the forehead of the "martyred saint," and contemplated the hair-shirts, girdles, and bandages with which the prelate mortified his flesh, and which were treasured up in various ivory coffers in the cathedral church of Canterbury. A sober summary of the articles of gold and jewellery accumulated at this celebrated shrine, at all times sufficed to excite the profound amazement of a wondering auditory; while the incidents of the pilgrimage, —the exhibition of piety and profanity, devotion and licentiousness, on the part of the miscellaneous assemblage to which an individual pilgrim generally attached himself,—the commotion they created in passing through a town by reason of their piping, and singing, the "jangling of their Canturburie-bels and the barking out of dogges after,"—the picturesque aspect they assumed as they wound through a forest,

or came trailing down a steep hill-side, supplied a never-failing theme for comment and enlargement during the remainder of a pilgrim's life.

Of the popular pastimes, we have spoken in a previous page. While the great body of the English people were in a state of villeinage, their servitude was lightened by periodically recurring sports, which constituted a lively record of the progress of the year, and permitted the helots of society to obtain a transient glimpse of the personal freedom from which they were debarred. When serfdom ceased, the sports survived, and none were so heartily maintained as those which did "observance to a morn of May." Then was the pageant of Robin Hood and Maid Marian performed with all the pomp and circumstance which Wilton wardrobes and the ingenuity of the mummers could supply. The representative of the bold outlaw, in his green and gold-fringed tunic, his parti-coloured hose and hood, and bright-blue baldrick, felt himself a hero for the nonce: Maid Marian, in her watchet-coloured tunic, linen rochet, and silver garland, became the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes," while in Friar Tuck and Little John, in Will Stukely and Much, the miller's son, the populace recognized the types of classes familiar to them all. Then the hobby-horse and dragon played their antic feats, as Payne or Wieland, in a similar disguise, have played them since. Then the pipe and tabor, the bout at quarter-staff, the morris-dance, the feats of archery, the wrestling match and mimic tilt, filled up the hours with constant change of sport, and, with a burst of mirth, "brought in the maiden May."

A cursory notice of some of the other festivals—popular and ecclesiastical—which occurred at different

periods of the year, will further assist the object we have in view.

Plough Monday was emphatically a rustic carnival. Husbandmen were in the habit of maintaining plough-lights before certain images in the churches, and, to support these lights, they claimed the contribution of their wealthier neighbours in the town. The plough was drawn in procession through the streets, with music and morris dancing; alms were collected by a man in a mummer's garb, and the surplus funds were spent in convivial enjoyments at night.

On *Candlemas-day*, the church blessed her candles for the year, and distributed these hallowed lights to the faithful.

Collop Monday was distinguished as the last day of eating flesh before Lent, and the good housewives of Wilton devoted it to cutting up their fresh meat into steaks or "collops" for salting or otherwise preserving till the end of Lent.

On *Ash Wednesday*, the branches of brushwood or palms, consecrated in the previous year, were burnt to ashes, blessed, and sprinkled on the people's heads, while the priest reminded them of their mortality by uttering the words, "*Memento, homo, quia cinis est; et in cinerem reverteris.*"

Palm Sunday witnessed the ceremonial of drawing up the veil before the rood in various churches, while the priest and people prostrated themselves with a thrice-repeated, "Hail, our King."

On *Easter-day*, the faithful children of the Church expressed their abhorrence of the Jews by eating bacon, and if one of the unfortunate outcasts could be obtained, he was turned out, hunted through the streets, and stoned—an eminently "meritorious work!"

though not exactly in accordance with the example of Him, who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again."

During the *Rogation Week*, the priests passed frequently in procession through the streets, chaunting or singing litanies.

On *Whitsun Eve*, as also upon *Easter Eve*, the practice of font-hallowing was observed. The writer of some Homilies (preserved among the Harleian MSS.) says, "In the begyning of holy chirch all the children weren kept to be chrystened on thys even at the font-hallowyng; but now for enchesone that in so long abydynge they might dye without chrystendome, therefore holi chirch ordeyneth to chrysten at all tymes of the yeare; save eyght dayes before these evenys, the chylde shalle abyde till the font hallowing, if it may safely for perill of death and ells not."

On *Whit-sunday*, there was a general gathering of alms for the poor by maidens who stood by the church porches, where shrubs were planted and banners reared for the occasion; while an arbour, called Robin Hood's bower, was erected in the church yard, and the congregation, after mass, betook themselves to sports.

Midsummer Eve was signalized by bonfires, round which the people danced, while each, on leaving, bore away a brand, the ashes of which he scattered to the wind, believing, as he did so, that the evil spirits who might chance to be abroad, would undergo a similar dispersion.

The anniversary of the beheading of *St. John the Baptist* was a solemn festival with the guilds. Chantries were formed, and a portable shrine of St. John carried in procession through the town, with lighted torches and a glittering display of banners. Masses

were also said and dirges sung for the prosperity of the brethren of the guild, and for the repose of the souls of those who had departed this life during the previous year.

On *All Saints' Day*, the graves of the dead were strewn with flowers and evergreens; and on the commemoration-day of *All Souls*, the bells were rung for their especial benefit.

The religious ceremonials peculiar to *Christmas* were of a mixed character, solemnity predominating in some, and a dash of the humorous pervading others. Thus we find among the *dramatis personæ* who figure in the *Feast of Asses* (as performed on Christmas-day), characters who are thus described :—

" *Habbabuk*, a lame old man, in a dalmatick, with a scrip full of radishes, *which he ate while he spoke;* and long palms to strike the Gentiles.

" *Balaam*, dressed up, sitting upon an ass, spurred, holding the reins, and spurring the ass, which a young man with the sword opposes. Some one under the ass then says " Why do ye hurt me so with your spurs ?" the young man then added " Do not comply with the command of Balak." "

Matthew Paris states that homicides and traitors were, at Christmas, indulged with peace and joy : and the beneficent influences of the season, as we learn from the concurring testimony of a multitude of writers, were universally diffused.

Such were a few of the observances appropriate to certain periods of the year; and it must be honestly confessed that there was great need of out-of-door festivities to compensate for the utter absence of anything like comfort or enjoyment, attainable by the poorer class of people in their own homes.

In a house, rudely built, dimly lighted by horn windows; with an earthen floor or possibly a brick pavement; scantily furnished with a few articles of absolute necessity, constructed in the clumsiest and most primitive fashion, the artizan or labourer of 1450 would eat his meals from a wooden platter by the aid of the forks with which Nature had provided him, drink his "headie" half-fermented beer from a black noggin, fondle a scrofulous baby swathed like a young mummy, and creep to rest on a straw pallet, stretched upon a bedstead like a bier, in a chamber not wholly impervious to the wind, or proof against the insinuating advances of a shower.

He was an earnest believer in charms was this labourer or artizan,—wore rue about his neck to defend himself from the malicious craft of every wrinkled crone who had the misfortune to be very old and very ill-favoured, and who was *therefore* denounced as a witch,—devoutly believed that the moon danced on certain nights in the year,—that the sound of bells (provided they had been properly baptized, named, crossed, and anointed) could dispel storms and tempests and banish evil spirits from the air,—and lived and died, in the enjoyment of the same amount of mental culture as a half-civilized New Zealander or an Irish peasant in Connaught now possesses—Anno Domini 1850. Suppose we turn over a new leaf?

Chapter the Third.

1451 TO 1558.

FROM the outbreak of the civil war between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, to the accession of Henry VIII., the history of Wilton is little better than a blank. None of the sanguinary battles, so frequent of occurrence during that disastrous interval, were fought in its immediate neighbourhood; and we have no evidence that the town supplied any of the "material," to the army of either party, while the Abbey appears to have escaped the plunder which other and less fortunate monastic institutions experienced at the hands of the Lancastrians.

By the great body of the people, the struggle was probably regarded with indifference, if not with aversion. Whatever might be its issue, *to them* it simply involved a change of masters, and as the choice (if such it could be called) lay between the feeble and superstitious Henry, and the sensual and dissolute Edward, at the commencement of the strife, and between the unscrupulous Richard and the avaricious Richmond, at its close, none of the candidates for the throne could

look for much sympathy from the middle and lower ranks of those over whom they aspired to rule.

A lively narrative, however, of the state of feeling at Wilton, during the contest which was finally terminated on Bosworth field, would be far from destitute of interest, and it is much to be regretted that none of the chaplains of the monastery devoted their leisure hours to the composition of a chronicle like the monk of Croyland's, which, while it recorded the circumstances which fell beneath their own observation, might have remotely indicated the progress of the more important events which were being elsewhere transacted by greater actors on a wider field.

Such a chronicle would probably have told us how great and general was the trepidation of the period,—how much mistrust prevailed, not merely in communities, but in the narrower limits of the household,—how trade was paralyzed, and mutual confidence had ceased, and commercial dealings with distant towns and cities were suspended owing to the general insecurity of the roads,—how money, plate, and jewellery were hoarded, hidden, buried, and otherwise withdrawn from observation,—how men reverted to the principle of barter in the necessary commerce of daily life,—how the Corporation and those who were charged with the administration of justice, the maintenance of the law, and the preservation of the public peace, were often times uncertain in the name of what monarch they performed the functions of their office, while the ministers of religion were similarly in doubt for whom to offer up their prayers,—how evil men found opportunities to gratify their malice, and revenge old grudges, by denouncing their enemies as malcontents to the dominant faction, and how the whole frame-

work of society in Wilton, as elsewhere, was out of joint, and crazy with the rude jars which it received from the collision of the rival families.

We could have wished—and such a narrative would have gratified the wish—to estimate the impressions which the intelligence of the progress of the strife excited, as it found its way, from time to time into this quiet country town and its adjacent monastery. Magnified and distorted as the rumours (which would have been embodied in such a narrative,) unquestionably were, they would nevertheless have constituted a sufficiently interesting epitome. They would have told us how the loss of Normandy and Guienne nourished in the minds of the English gentry a spirit of disaffection to the King (Henry VI.)—how he fell sick at Clarendon and continued for a twelvemonth in a state of lethargic idiotcy,—how the feuds between the Dukes of York and Somerset expanded into open war,—how, at the battle of St. Alban's, Henry was wounded, Somerset was slain, and power passed into the hands of York and Warwick,—how the daring and lion-hearted Queen plotted the destruction of the Yorkist chiefs, and, baffled in her wiles, became more inexorably hostile to the hated house,—how the kindly nature of the king prompted him to mediate between the two,—how amity was temporarily restored, and the citizens of London saw their monarch walking in royal state to the Cathedral of St. Paul, followed by the contentious nobles, hand in hand, the queen herself, with gracious seeming, led by the nobleman with whom she was at mortal enmity,—how speedily hostilities broke out afresh, and how lavishly the blood of fellow-subjects was shed on Bloreheath, and at Northampton, —how the Queen fled, and the King passed into the

custody of the insurrectionary nobles,—how the cathedral of St. Paul witnessed a second pageant in solemn commemoration of the settlement which proclaimed the Duke of York to be heir-apparent and Lord Protector of the realm,—how the Queen, refusing to recognize an arrangement which dethroned her child, assembled an army and attacked the Yorkist forces at Wakefield,—how, hurrying from the field, York's second son, a child of twelve, met the Earl Clifford, and, mute with terror, fell upon his knees and with raised hands and eyes blinded with tears, besought him to spare his life, and how the pitiless villain buried his dagger in the poor boy's heart,—how York, a captive in the hands of the Lancastrians, was set in mockery upon an ant-hill, crowned with a coronal of twisted grass, taunted, mocked, and slain, and how the implacable Queen received the gory head, just severed from its trunk, with a smile of grim delight, —how Margaret, advancing upon London, repulsed the Earl of Warwick, at St. Alban's, and was re-united to the King,—how, in the meanwhile, Edward, the young Duke of York hastened to the metropolis, was proclaimed king, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, and received the homage and fealty of the nobility, as Edward IV., in Westminster Abbey,— how Margaret, in alarm, withdrew towards the North, pursued by Edward,—how the battle of Towton commenced at twilight, and was maintained by the glare of torches until midnight,—how it was renewed at sunrise and continued, through a blinding fall of snow, until the afternoon, how the road to York was strewn with corpses, while puddles of blood defiled the way, and from 30,000 to 40,000 fellow countrymen lay stark and prone beneath the wintry sky,—how

Edward, returning to the capital, was met by a glittering cavalcade of the chief officers of the city, conducted to the Tower, and, three days afterwards, crowned at Westminster,—how the undaunted Queen, after wandering in Scotland and visiting Flanders to implore for aid, returned to the North of England, collected fresh forces and sustained additional defeats at Hedgley Moor and Hexham,—how Henry, traversing Lancashire in disguise, was captured and conveyed to London, set upon horseback with his legs contemptuously bound, and led in mock procession through the streets to his prison in the Tower,—how Edward's personal beauty, bravery, voluptuous indolence, and startling bursts of energy were the theme of general talk,—how it was told that, upon one occasion, he personally begged a "benevolence" towards the war from a rich old lady, who doubled the gift which he required, asserting that she did so "for his lovely face," and how the gallant monarch thanked and kissed her,—how he was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Grey, and showered titles and honours upon all her kith and kin,—how the all-powerful Warwick was alienated from the royal cause, and civil war broke out afresh, and how he was eventually instrumental in restoring the imprisoned Henry to his throne,—how Edward fled to the Hague, and after many strange vicissitudes regained his crown and captured his competitor, and how, upon Easter-day, a bloody battle was fought on Hadley Common, and Warwick fell, fighting desperately on foot, together with a host of other men of noble and of knightly blood.

Prince Edward's death at Tewkesbury, would not have been forgotten in the memoir of our chronicler,

nor the Queen's captivity, nor her husband's death, nor the malmsey butt of Clarence, nor Edward's premature decease.

Another reign supplied another train of marvellous events,—the elevation of the boy-monarch to the throne, and of Gloucester to the Protectorate,—the impeachment of Hastings and the penance imposed upon the unfortunate Jane Shore,—the deposition of the boy-King and the usurpation of the crown by Gloucester,—the imprisonment and mysterious death of the young princes,—Buckingham's secession from the royal cause,—his interview with the Countess of Richmond, out of which arose the invitation to her son to wrest the crown from Richard's head,—the insurrectionary movements which ensued,—the occupation of Salisbury by the monarch and his army, and Buckingham's execution there,—the landing of Richmond and the decisive battle of Bosworth-field,—the base desertion of the King, by certain of his nobles, in the hour of his sorest need, and his gallant death with those brave and royal words upon his lips,—the coronation and marriage of Henry the 7th,—the birth of Prince Arthur at Winchester,—the armed risings in support of the pretensions of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck,—the inquisitions which were taken with reference to the abuses of the Church,—the rapacious exactions made by Empson and Dudley, and the successive deaths of Prince Arthur, the Queen and King, conduct us, step by step, to the reign of Henry VIII., and to the threshold of the Reformation.

We have thus rapidly glanced at these occurrences in passing, because we believe them all to have been, more or less, auxiliary to this great event. The excitement of civil war,—the general disquietude,—the

unsettlement of men's minds,—the uncertain tenure by which not merely the estates and titles of the aristocracy, but also the royal crown and throne were held,—the destruction of public confidence in the stability of institutions generally,—the habits of free thought and free speech which grew out of the license and turbulence of the times,—the diminution of the feeling of reverence, in the public mind, for the offices and officers of religion, as well as for the vessels, relics, and decorations of the churches and monasteries, which resulted from the occasional plunder of their treasuries and altars,—but, above all, the jealous and covetous glances which the nobles and commonalty of the realm had long cast upon the rich possessions of the church, paved the way for that bold stroke of policy by which a strong-willed monarch, in the prosecution of a purely selfish aim, purified religion of many of its corruptions, reformed a depraved church, but diverted its possessions from their legitimate objects, transferred its broad lands to other owners, and achieved a national good at the expense of much partial injustice and individual hardship.

The dissolution of the Monastery of Wilton appears to have been effected with remarkable facility, and with a total absence of all violent and compulsory proceedings on the part of the officers of the Crown. In all probability the then Abbess was the creature of the King, or had been selected for the office in consequence of the known plasticity of her character, and hence, as Sir Richard Hoare observes, "the House gave no trouble whatever, not even so much as to render a commission necessary to enquire into the characters and failings of its inmates, and it quietly surrendered on the 25th of March, 1539."

It must not be inferred, however, that the sisterhood of Wilton were notable for the purity of their lives. On the contrary, there is too much reason to believe that a veracious memoir, based upon their own candid revelations at the Confessional, would read very like an extract from the Decameron of Boccacio. Our sympathy for the expelled is sadly lessened by the glimpses of their domestic life which are afforded by the letters written by Henry VIII. to Wolsey and to Anna Bullen, concerning the election of the Prioress of Wilton to be Abbess; and which go far to justify the uncourteous language which tradition puts into the mouth of Sir William Herbert.

That the incontinence of the Prioress should have been thought no bar to her elevation to the Abbacy, and that another sister should also have been nominated as a candidate for that high honour, upon whom the responsibilities of an unhallowed maternity had *twice* devolved, says little for the prevailing tone of monastic morality. Yet among the one-and-thirty nuns thus cast out, we may believe that there were some, by whom the seclusion of the cloister and the opportunities of worship had been rightly used and profitably employed, and who must have relinquished them with infinite regret;—some who looked back with a fond sorrow upon the home from which they had been exiled, and on the solemn services which were thenceforth to fall into disuse; some, who, retreating to the solitary granges in the neighbourhood, would look wistfully towards the distant mass of foliage which rose above the white walls of their ancient home, and, when the twilight came, would listen, from the mere force of habit, for the silvery chime of the *Angelus*, and almost hope to hear its

clear voice come floating up the valley as of old. So sudden and so violent a divorce even from the inanimate objects which, day by day, had been familiar to their sight;—so sudden and so complete a cessation of the accustomed round of duties which had made up the sum of their existence;—so sudden and so startling a transition from the narrow world *within*, to the strange wide world *without* the monastery walls, could not have been effected without occasioning much private sorrow and, possibly, private wrong. In the march of great historical events we are apt to overlook the sufferings of the infirm and helpless few, who, offering a faint and ineffectual resistance to the throng, are trodden down and perish by the way. It is only when we give these sufferers a "local habitation and a name,"—confer upon them an individual existence and a home, that we can perfect the historian's picture of the past, by filling up his broad and vigorous outline with minute and accurate details.

So, separating from the sisterhood who were expelled, one solitary outcast,—following her to the country manor house or lonely grange, and studying this individual in her isolation, we obtain a clearer notion of the local influences of national events, than we could possibly derive from any other source.

Of the ALICE LANGTON, from whose diary the ensuing extracts purport to be taken, we know nothing more than that she was one of the dispossessed nuns who received an annual pension of £6 at the Dissolution of the Monastery, and spent the remainder of her days apparently at Ugford. The house, at that time occupied by the Reve, appears to have been the homestead still standing by the road-side, and lying on your left hand as you proceed towards Burcombe.

(1538-9.)

[Feb.] I did not think mine own cell had been so dear to me, yet sithence I must go forth—like as Hagar went forth—sorrowing into the wilderness, the very walls do take a look of ancient friendliness, and mind me of the peaceful past. Sitting in the Cloister, after Prime, I did bethink me sadly of what the prophet Jeremiah saith—*Ne fleatis pro mortuo, neque condoleatis ei: omnino flete pro abeunte quia non revertetur.* For, certes, they which be at rest need no sorrow, but for us, which shall see much tribulation, there is truly cause for heaviness.

[Feb.] Our Lady Abbess, sitting in Chapter, hath warned us Surrender must be made unto the King, his Majesty, on the Feast of the Annunciation, and certain officers be come to make inquisition concerning all that 'longeth to the Monastery. No manner of thing escapeth them withal. They lay irreverent hands upon our reliques, touching the which they utter profane and scurvy jests to the contemning of the saints and the scandal of our holy religion. Methinks the [Abbess] hath a faint heart and doth yield up our possessions to the Spoiler with a not unwilling haste, concerning which, Master Richard Nevill, the Sub-Seneschal, informeth me His Majesty's Commissioners do purpose to reward her with a fair house at Foffount, and a goodly stipend withal.

[March] This day cometh Lora Wodelonde, the Reve's daughter of Ugford, who, in moving terms, which she enforced with many tears, did beseech me, when I go hence, to take up my abode with her, for she would fain requite, she saith, the pains I have

bestowed on her instruction, though questionless it doth not merit such return. Howbeit, when she did coil her arms about my neck, and with such sooth and piteous speech did remember me of the true and sisterly affection she had ever borne towards me, I could not say her nay. So with a light heart, and with eyes that did smile and glitter through their tears, the motherless girl departed joyfully.

[March] Since the hour of Tierce, the Monastery hath been thronged with pensioners and divers of the sick and poor who have in some sort or other received the bounty of our House. Many an one I did perceive who, in times past, had been healed in the Infirmary, and some who had received alms when they were sore bested; and other some who had been taught and spiritually schooled by certain of our sisterhood, came in to speak a farewell word or twain. I ween their homely griefs could hardly find fit utterance in speech; and one did bring a posy of garden-flowers for remembrance, and one presented fruit, and one an antient rosary, and one a simple household ornament, and all did crave to be remembered in our prayers.

[March] I have ta'en a last look at the dear old home; and every room and cloistered walk did fill my mind with sweet and bitter memories, and vain regretfulness. I shall no more see the shadows of the cloister-arches stealing along the pavement, like figures in a dream, as I was wont to do, what time the summer sun rode high, and I did use to wear away the long bright hours in working at my 'broidery frame. I shall no more hear the soft sweet voice of Sister Willoughby uttering the *Jube Domine* after refection in the Dining Hall, while the solemn faces

of them which stood about the Cross in the picture of the Crucifixion, above our heads, did seem to take a look of life, and move their lips responsively to hers, —I shall no more do the bidding of the Præcentrix in the Infirmary, or perform the offices of hospitality in the Guest-Hall, or make confession in the Chapter, or relieve the poor and needy at the Almonry, or pace the pleasant garden walks, breathing sweet odours and delicate and healthful airs, the while I watched the sleek-winged doves circling about their cote in sportive playfulness, heedful in no wise of the desolation which was falling on our House. It is all gone by; and the closing gate, which grated on its hinges as we passed, did also harshly grate upon my heart.

[March] I was awakened from a dream—touching a mass for the repose of the soul of a departed sister,—by the twittering of some birds which have built their nests beneath the eaves which overhang my chamber window, and, starting up in much amaze, I looked about me at the unfamiliar aspect of my dormitory, and, for a space, believed my mind was wandering in another vision. Then, slowly and sorrowfully, my thoughts went back to the old home, to my expulsion thence, and to my coming hither yesterday, and therewithal my heart grew heavy with the burden of a painful memory. Albeit, the lightsome sunshine piercing through the vine-leaves which grew about the window, the cheerful voices of the rustical hinds in the farm-yard, and the pleasant odour of the flowers, which Lora hath stationed on the casement-ledge, did minister occasion for tranquil and, it may be, happy thoughts. So, when my sometime pupil, softly, and with a look of timid doubt, as fearing she should startle me from sleep, stole upon tiptoe to

my side, I took her to my heart, and blessed her for the home her love had opened to me in my exile ; and did resolve in years to come to manifest my thankfulness by fashioning her mind in such wise as to make her meet (through the intercession of Our Lord, and of his Blessed Mother, and of St. Edith) for the company of saints and angels in the world beyond the grave. And being about the hour of Prime, I arose and put up twenty Aves for her soul's health, and did implore the Virgin to strengthen me for the meet performance of the work whereunto I purpose to dedicate my future life.

[Oct.] Truly this sad season doth fitly harmonize with mine own sombre thoughts. Sitting at my casement and looking forth into the woods which lay dark and solemn between this and the western sky, yet glowing with the fires of sunset, what time those grave monastical rooks (as we did use to call them in our pleasantry) were wheeling homeward to the Abbey grounds, and the world about me grew so still that I could almost hear the flutter of the leaves that every moment dropped wavering to the earth, mine own past life rose up before me. Chiefly one face shone upon me through the misty past; chiefly I did hear one voice ringing through its hollow silence; chiefly I recalled to mind the heavy hour wherein *he* died, and therewithal each circumstance of that exceeding bitter sorrow, which weaned me from the perishable affections of the world, and did incline me to the peace and meditation of the Cloister. While I was thus musing, a solitary bird brake forth in song,—not cheerfully, but with a fluttering and uncertain sound, as though the echo of its own voice startled it, and then it paused again, and then sent

forth another faltering note; but, forasmuch as no chorister of the woods did make reply, silence forthwith did swallow up the feeble song. Methought I read therein, as in a parable, the history of an exile like mine own, and I bethought me of the Psalmist's words:—*Quomodò cantabimus canticum Domini in terra aliena?* It was even on such a night as this methinks that the Abbess Alfyn lay upon her sick bed, and the Mother of GOD, and St. Edith, and a shining company of blessed angels did stand upon the Abbey tower waiting to convey her soul to heaven, as I have seen it written in the Chronicle. Verily the earth hath been somdele removed from the heavens since then.

The Monastery emptied of its inmates, spoiled of its ecclesiastical fittings, and deprived of its sacred character, was, shortly after the Dissolution, levelled to the ground, and its site, together with its territorial possessions, granted by Henry to Sir William Herbert.

In connection with this event, the question naturally arises, What were the impressions it excited in the town and neighbourhood at large? We can only furnish a conjectural reply. By all who were dependent on the large expenditure of so richly endowed an establishment, directly or indirectly for the means of livelihood, the destruction of the fabric, the dispersion of its inmates, and the alienation of its revenues would be beheld, it may be fairly assumed, with indignation and alarm: as utterly ruinous to many and injurious to all. By the sincere believers in the

dogmas and articles of faith propounded by the Romish Church, the Dissolution would be regarded as an act of sacrilege and profanity; and some direct manifestation of the wrath of Heaven would be confidently looked for, if not specially invoked. By the unthinking multitude who were enamoured of the half Pagan pageants and ceremonials of the church, and who were content to surrender their consciences into the keeping of a power claiming the possession of "the keys," and the privilege of assoiling men's souls from sin, it would be also painfully regretted. By the sick and needy who had derived substantial benefits from the practical piety and really Christian offices of the sisterhood, in the Hostrey, the Almonry, and the Infirmary, the extinction of these long-established sources of sustenance and relief, would be witnessed with a genuine and earnest grief,—natural in itself and honourable to its object. Finally, by the minority of the inhabitants of Wilton and the neighbouring villages,—by the thinking few, who recognized in the simplicity of Christianity one of its sublimest elements, who had been shocked by the mummeries and repudiated the pretensions of priestcraft, and who believed that their heavenly Father was accessible to all who came to Him by faith in prayer,—the Dissolution of the Monastery was doubtless hailed as one of the complements of a great effort made for the enfranchisement of the human mind, the elevation of the human soul, and the dispersion of the mists which Ignorance and Superstition had interposed between man and his Maker.

Towards the close of the reign of Henry VIII. a fair mansion arose upon the site of the ancient church and monastery of St. Edith, and obtained its comple-

tion in the reign of Edward VI., under the conduct of Hans Holbein. But Sir William Herbert was scarcely settled in his new abode when he was summoned to take the field against a seditious rising of the commonalty of Wiltshire, having for its object a resistance to what were considered the encroachments on a public right, viz., the enclosure of the common lands. His promptitude and decision suppressed the insurrection, but the enclosures continued to be actively prosecuted and supplied old Roger Ascham and Bishop Latimer with fruitful themes for rough but eloquent invective.

"It is the king's honor," observes the plain-spoken prelate "that the commons of this realm be so employed, as it may be, to the setting his subjects on work, and keeping them from idleness. If the king's honor standeth in the great multitude of his people, then these graziers, *inclosers*, and rent-rearers, are hinderers to the king's honor." In another of his sermons, he remarks that the cattle of the poorer sort of people "must have pasture, and pasture they cannot have if the land be taken in and inclosed from them. So there was in both parts rebellion. Therefore restore them sufficient unto them, and search no more what is the cause of rebellion." And again he pithily complains that, "there were never so many gentlemen and so little gentleness."

Ascham, referring to the general discontent, enquires, "Who then are the real authors? Those," he continues, "who have everywhere in England got the farms of the monasteries, and are striving to increase their profits by immoderate rents. Hence the exaggerated prices of things. These men plunder the whole realm. The farmers and husbandmen everywhere labor, economise, and consume themselves to

satisfy their owners. Hence so many families, so many tables, common to every one, taken away, or shut up in holes or corners. Hence the honour and strength of England, the *noble yeomanry* are broken up and destroyed. Existence is no longer a life, but a misery."

In 1549, a Commission was issued to investigate the grounds of popular complaint which resolved themselves into five points—"The decay of towns, villages, and houses of husbandry; converting arable ground into pasture; the multitude of sheep; the heaping together of farms; the not keeping hospitality and household of the scites of the dissolved monasteries."

"The real fact was," writes Mr. Sharon Turner, "that the progressive course of national improvement was abolishing the old yeomanry of the country, and substituting instead a minor gentry, and the present farmer. The reign of Edward VI. was the period in which this transition from what had been good and valuable into what would be still better was taking place. . . . . Many former villages were disappearing, and ancient towns decaying, and pastoral solitudes appeared where a rustic tenantry had been active and happy. The yeoman was converted into the day labourer and servant; and from the language of contemporary authorities, though it seems rather warmly tinted, we cannot doubt that there was much local and temporary depopulation, and severe individual distress."

We have quoted somewhat diffusely on this subject, as most of the foregoing remarks, though made with reference to the general circumstances of the period, will be found to possess a local application.

In July, 1551, Wilton was honoured by a visit from

the youthful monarch, then in his 15th year. He had been attacked by the measles and small pox in the previous April, and, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he made a royal progress through some of the Western counties, accompanied—according to the diary which he kept—by an imposing cavalcade of 4000 horsemen.

In the same month of the year 1553, Edward laid aside his "muddy vesture of decay," and carried to a better world the virtue and piety which had only just put forth their immature and early blossoms in this.

Wilton, fortunately, is not associated with any of the events which have given such a lurid colouring to the reign of Mary. It did not even contribute a solitary victim to the stake, or furnish one item to the long muster-roll which contains the names of 288 individuals who were burnt alive for worshipping a GOD of infinite love, long-suffering and mercy, according to the dictates of their own consciences.

WILTON HOUSE

the retrospect of each man's life, all the harsher features of the past are softened down;—all that was most enjoyable, all that we recur to most readily, Memory bathes in a sunshine of its own, and the vista we mentally retrace, whether it be crowded with the characters of history, or be occupied with the solitary figure of Self, is equally pleasant to the eye and soothing to the heart. Hence we look back upon the age of that illustrious man-woman, as the age of Shakspere and of Spenser, of Bacon and Burleigh, of Sackville and Sidney, of Walsingham and Oxford, of Drake and Raleigh, of Coke and Essex, of Hooker and Taylor, of Brown and Jonson, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Massinger and Ford, of Marlowe and Marston, of Decker and Chapman,—rather than as to an epoch in which various subjects of the Crown were too familiar with religious persecution, with royal caprice, and, occasionally, with royal despotism. We revert to it with an affection almost reverential, and the very appellation of the era rings musically in our ears.

And with this era, so fruitful in all that elevates our national literature, and glorifies our national history, Wilton is linked by a chain of interesting circumstances. Here, the youth of Philip Massinger was spent, here Sidney wrote his extraordinary pastoral, and here Shakspere walked and talked, and possibly pourtrayed some one of the multitudinous characters to which his creative genius has given immortality. Might we not also add that here Spenser was received as an honoured guest and friend upon the introduction of Sir Philip Sidney in the early part of 1580?—that in the grounds of Wilton, as in the woods of Penshurst, the poet and the noble "Astrophel," full of the

enthusiasm of youth and of those "thick-coming fancies" proper to men who were of "imagination all compact," confided to each other the progress of those great works by which they are most familiarly known to posterity, and that the scenery of the Park may have been reproduced in the pages of the Faery Queen as in those of the Arcadia? If it be a delusion to suppose that some of the picturesque descriptions of landscape scenery (conveyed in language which is absolutely music) that occur in the 2nd and 4th books of this great poem were inspired by the natural objects which would meet the poet's eye in Wilton Park, it is a delusion we do not care to have dispelled. We trust we may be forgiven for seeking there some of the sources of the inspiration of passages like the following:—

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
As if it had by nature's cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett, with painted blossomes drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and her sweete smels throwe al arownd.

No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring;
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt;
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;
No song but did contain a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed fitt
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.

Book 2. Canto VI.

Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season due;
Sweet springs in which a thousand nymphs did play;
Soft-rombling brookes, that gentle slumber drew;

High-reared mounts, the lands about to view;
Low-looking dales, disloigned from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew;
False labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by Nature made did Nature selfe amaze.

And all without were walkes and alleyes dight
With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes.

Book 4. *Canto X.*

By these and other passages of a similar character, which are of continual occurrence in the Faery Queen, and which seem to bring with them the liquid gleam and murmur of rippling water, the sound and motion of rustling leaves, the song of birds, the freshness of Spring grass, and the odour of Summer flowers, the reader will be constantly reminded of the scenery of our English parks, and will not be averse to the hypothesis that Spenser "catching soft hints from Nature's tongue," wooed the shy goddess in the glades and coverts of the Abbey-grounds, invested every object they presented to his eyes with the rich colouring of his own gorgeous and inexhaustible imagination, transferred them to that realm of Faery which he has conjured up for our delight, and gave them immortality.

Turning from the poet to the "Gloriana" of his poem, we are reminded of the visit paid to Wilton by Queen Elizabeth, in the course of one of those royal progresses, which appear to have been no less matters of state policy than of personal enjoyment. Mr. Nichols in his valuable collection of "Progresses," quotes the following account of her entertainment here, from Sir Rice Merricke's "Antiquities of Glamorganshire :—"

"The Queenes Majesty returning from Bristowe on her Progresse Anno XVI. of her Majestyes Raigne, the 3rd day of September being Friday, her Highnesse was receaved by the same Earle [Henry, second Earl of Pembroke] accompanyed with many of his honourable and worshipfull friends, on a fayre, large, and playne hill, called . . . . about five miles from Wilton, having a good band of men in all their livery coates, to the number of . . . . men well horsed; who being placed in one ranke, in order, one from another about seaven foot, and about fifteene foot from the highway, occupied a great way; and another ranke of the Earl's Gentlemen servants to the number of . . . about a stone's cast behinde their masters stood on horseback in like order. And when the Queenes Majesty had ridden beyond the furthermost of the Earles men, those that began the ranke, by three and three, rode another way homeward on the side of a hill, and in like order the rest followed, and lastly the Gentlemens servants; so that the Queenes Grace stayed on the southern hill untill all were past, looking and viewing them as they past by; and when her Majesty entered in att the outer gate of Wilton House, a peale of ordnance was discharged on Roulingtoun; and without the inner gate the Countesse, with divers Ladyes and Gentlemen, meekly received her Highnesse. This utter court was beset on bothe sides the way with the Earles men as thicke as could be, standing one by another, through which lane her Grace passed in her chariott, and lighted at the inner gate."

The reader's imagination will supply the subordinate details of the scene;—the gorgeous apparel of the Queen—one blaze of jewellery,—the rich and pic-

turesque costumes of the Earl and his honourable friends, who walk bareheaded by her side,—the clamorous pealing of the bells,—the green boughs which decorate the doors, the hangings depending from the windows, and the garlands which are flung across the streets,—the throng of spectators who line the road, crown every wall, fill every casement with a score of wondering eyes, and perch upon the trees to catch a glimpse of awful majesty,—the masque which is enacted on a platform in the market place, and which gives occasion for the utterance of some fulsome flattery and execrable verse, in which the Queen is likened to every worthy in Christendom and heathendom,—the loyal words and (what is more acceptable to the Queen) the loyal offerings of the Corporation and the Clergy, and last, not least, the sumptuous entertainment provided for the monarch and her suite beneath the hospitable roof of Wilton House.

"Her Highnesse," continues our authority, "lay at Wilton House that Friday night, the Saturday and Sunday nights following; and on Monday after dinner her Grace removed to Salisbury; *during all which tyme her Majesty was boeth merry and pleasant.*

"On the Saturday her Highnesse had appoynted to hunt in Claryngdon Parke, where the said [Earl] had prepared a very faire and a pleasant banquett . . . leaves for her to dyne in; but that day happened soe great raine, that although it was fenced with arras yet it could not defend the wett, by meanes whereof the Queen dyned within the Lodge, and the Lords dyned in the Banquett-house; and after dinner the rayne ceased for a while, during which tyme many deare, coursed with grey hounds, were over-

turned; soe, as the tyme served, great pleasure was shewed."

Independently, however, of the princely entertainment which the Queen received from the Earl of Pembroke on this occasion, she carried away with her other and more abiding tokens of the loyalty and liberality of her host, in the shape of costly articles of jewellery. We find the Earl presented her with "an eagle of gold, enamelled green, garnished with divers diamonds and rubies, hanging at three short chains of gold, garnished with small sparks of diamonds, and three diamonds pendant:" while "the Countess of Pembroke the Younger" was honoured by her Majesty's acceptance of "a mermaid of gold, having a maid upon her back, garnished with sparks of diamonds, with three short chains set with sparks of diamonds and rubies, with a diamond pendant, and little ragged pearls also." In fact, next to herself, Elizabeth appears to have loved nothing so well as jewellery. Not that she was wholly destitute of gratitude or affection, or of that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," for in the following May we meet with her by the sick bed of the Countess of Pembroke, then lying at Baynard's Castle. The particulars of her visit are thus related by Lady Talbot in a letter to the Countess of Shrewsbury—"The Quynes Ma^{ty} hath ben here wyth her twyss, very latt both tymes. The last tyme yt was x of the cloke at nyght, or ever her Ma^{ty} whentte hennse, being so great a myste, as ther were dyveres of the barges and boottes that wayted of her loste ther wayes, and landed in wronge plases; but thankes be to God her Ma^{ty} came well home wythout cold or feare."

The proudest associations of Wilton, however, in

the Elizabethan era, are those which connect it with Sidney and Massinger,— associations which still attract to it visitors from distant lands, and which will always invest the locality with a deep and permanent interest in the eyes of every student of English literature. Each of these writers demands a separate chapter, nor will it be foreign to the epoch of which we write to include within the present portion of the work a brief memoir of George Herbert, of Bemerton,—that pleasant village which detains the pedestrian tourist as he journeys through the fields from Salisbury to Wilton, to view the diminutive church, with its one sheltering tree, spreading a green awning over the humble roof, and the neighbouring Rectory, which will be dear to his heart as having been the home of a "Country Parson" worthy of the friendship of the Knight of Coverley, and deserving of the praise of Geoffrey Chaucer.

Chapter the Fifth.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

If we were asked to open the volume of English history, and to place our finger on the name of one man who could be said to embody the popular idea of English chivalry, we should instinctively point to that of Sir Philip Sidney. His cultivated intellect, the graces of his person, his heroism, his early and romantic death are as familiar to us in our childhood as Defoe's shipwrecked mariner, or the outlaw of Sherwood, or the winged woman who won the heart of Peter Wilkins. His life was a romance, and his death the heroic consummation of a career as brief as it was brilliant. Possibly the scepticism of a future

age will pronounce him to be a myth, and the brains of posterity will be puzzled with real "historic doubts concerning the existence of" Sir Philip Sidney.

Philip Sidney was born on the 29th of November, at Penshurst, Kent. He was the eldest son of Sir Henry Sidney, "a brave soldier, a consummate general, an able counsellor, a wise legislator, and no less estimable as a husband, a father, and a friend." His mother was Mary, eldest daughter of the unfortunate Duke of Northumberland, a lady as illustrious as she was amiable. Inheriting from his parents the excellencies which distinguished the character of each, the capacity of his intellect and the goodness of his heart early developed themselves. He received the rudiments of his education at Shrewsbury, and at the early age of fifteen he was admitted a member of the University of Oxford. He was afterwards transferred to Cambridge, and in 1572, obtained the Queen's license to "go out of England into parts beyond the seas." He visited Paris, and, while there, witnessed the frightful massacre of the Huguenots. In the general consternation which prevailed, Sidney took refuge in the house of Sir Francis Walsingham, and shortly afterwards quitted Paris, and visited Germany, Hungary, Italy, and Belgium. At Frankfort he acquired the friendship of the celebrated Hubert Languet, the friend of Melancthon. He appears to have passed unscathed through the temptations which the voluptuous and licentious cities of the South offered to his mind, and returned to England in 1575 an accomplished courtier, familiar with the Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, and Italian languages. To quote the quaint eulogy of Fuller, "His home-bred abilities travel perfected, and a sweet nature set a

gloss upon both. He was so essential to the English court, that it seemed maimed without his company, being a complete Master of Matter and Language."

At the early age of two and twenty, he was sent ambassador to the Court of Vienna, to condole with the Emperor Rodolph on the demise of his father, Maximilian II. He appears to have discharged the functions of his high office to the satisfaction of his sovereign, and to have conciliated the good opinion of the monarch to whose court he was accredited. His conduct even extorted a tribute of admiration from Don John of Austria, who was distinguished for his ferocious hatred of protestants, and will be remembered as having been the officer in command at Lepanto, where Cervantes lost his left hand.

In 1576, Henry, Lord Herbert, eldest son of the then Earl of Pembroke, having repudiated his first wife, was united in marriage to Mary, the only surviving sister of Sidney, whose virtues have been commemorated by Jonson, Churchyard, Spenser, and Daniel. The following year, the father of this lady was made the object of some violent attacks by those who opposed the system of government he had adopted as Lord Deputy of Ireland. He found, however, a zealous and faithful advocate in his son, who had the satisfaction of seeing him firmly re-instated in the Royal favour.

In 1578, John Casimir, Count Palatine of the Rhine, invited Sidney to join his army in the ensuing campaign, but he was dissuaded from it by his father, to whom he had endeared himself more warmly by his affectionate and chivalrous defence of the gallant old knight. In the following year we find the subject of our memoir tendering his advice to

his royal mistress relative to her marriage—advice, it should be added, which was *not* resented by that imperious and self-willed woman. A tournament, in 1580, gave to Sidney an opportunity of distinguishing himself in those feats of arms and equitation, to which he was so much attached; and shortly afterwards occurred the quarrel between the Earl of Oxford and himself, which led to the temporary retirement of the latter from the metropolis. He came to Wilton, and, within the precincts of the Abbey grounds, he wrote what Milton calls the "vain amatorious poem of Arcadia." The work itself bears strong internal evidences of this. He has transferred the sylvan scenery of the park to its pages, and filled it with a host of fantasies, with nothing of humanity in their composition except the gift of speech. So huge a monument of genius misapplied it would be difficult to parallel. Compared with Shakspere's, Sir Philip Sidney's opportunities of observation must have been great indeed, whether in the

"Court, camp, church, the vessel, or the mart;"

and yet of all the automata that walk and talk in Arcady, we cannot single out a solitary specimen instinct with the true Promethean fire of life—the life which genius kindles in "the beings of the mind." In that age, when character was still so strongly marked, could he not have peopled his Arcadia with men and women affined to those who lived and moved around him? Was there no Sir Andrew Aguecheek within a morning's ride of Wilton? No Maria in the buttery, and no Malvolio in the steward's chamber of the house itself? No Holofernes teaching the young idea of Salisbury how to shoot? No Smug meditating

dramatic triumphs in the joiner's shop at Wilton? No Awdrey driving home the kine at eventide from Netherhampton? We would have given three Arcadias for another "Midsummer Night's Dream," another "Twelfth Night," or another "As You Like It." Rosalind and Hermia and Viola are something more to us than dear old friends; but Pamela and Philoclea, Musidorus and Basilius, are infinitely less to us than even casual acquaintance. They are unsubstantial phantasms, oracular but not sentient, gliding dreamily before the eye of the reader, and then lapsing into utter oblivion.

We have spoken of the Elizabethan, as of a remarkable age, and the Arcadia must be viewed in connection with the age of which it was the product. The mental digestion of the reading public (a limited community) must have been as strong as their physical. Maids of honour broke their fast on beefsteaks and "mighty jugs of moral ale," and they stayed the cravings of their intellectual appetites by the leisurely perusal of a prose pastoral, occupying 470 folio pages of closely printed matter! The wives and daughters of country gentlemen whiled away no inconsiderable portion of their lives in covering the walls of their mansions with elaborate specimens of needle work, while the farmer's daughter earned her title to be called a *spinster* by a persevering devotion to the homely labours of the spinning wheel; and, while engaged in the performance of their monotonous and enduring tasks, they may have listened to the adventures of Zelmane and the story of Basilius, with a relish scarcely intelligible to a modern reader. They may have sighed over the century of amatory sonnets which make up the "Astrophel and Stella" of Sir Philip Sidney, and may have even looked with

a lenient eye on the discreditable passion which inspired them, in consideration of the romantic tenderness which pervades the poet's verse.

Among the descriptive passages in the Arcadia the reader who is familiar with the park and pleasure grounds at Wilton will have no difficulty in recog-

nizing the accuracy of the following,—landscape paintings, evidently sketched on the spot.

"There were hilles which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble vallies, whose base estate seemed comforted with refreshing of silver rivers; medowes, enameld with all sortes of eye-pleasing floures; thickets, which being lined with

most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too, by the cherefull disposition of many well-tuned birds; ech pasture stored with sheepe feeding with sober securitie, while the pretie lambes with bleating oratorie craued the dams comfort; here a shepheard's boy *piping, as though he should neuer be old;* there a young shepherdesse knitting, and withall singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voice's musick."

"Trulie a place for pleasantnesse, not vnfit to flatter solitarinesse, for it [a lodge] being set vpon such an vnsensible rising of the ground, as you come to a pretie height before almost you perceiue that you ascend, it gives the eye Lordship ouer a good large circuit, which according to the nature of the countrie, being diuersified betweene hilles and dales, woods and plaines, one place more cleare, another more darkesome, it seemes a pleasant picture of nature with louely lightsomnesse and artificiall shadowes."

"A Laund, each side whereof was so bordered both with high timber trees, and copses of farre more humble growth, that it might easilie bring a solitarie mind to looke for no other companions then the wild burgesses of the forest."

Though disfigured by conceits and far-fetched metaphors, and by vicious euphuisms of style and language, borrowed from the chivalrous romances which a few years later were overwhelmed with ridicule by Miguel Cervantes, there is a vein of true poetry pervading the Arcadia, and whenever its accomplished author yields himself unreservedly to the natural impulses of his mind he writes in a strain of beautiful simplicity. The following may be cited as a specimen :—

"But Amphialus was like the poore woman, who

louing a tame Doe she had, aboue all earthly things, hauing long played withall, and made her feede at her hand and lappe, is constrained at length by famine (all her flocke being spent, and she fallen into extreame pouertie) to kill the Deare, to sustaine her life. Many a pitiful looke doth she cast vpon it, and many a time doth she drawe backe her hand before she can giue the strike."

Occasionally Sir Philip condescends to use a simile of a very homely and familiar kind, as in his description of Phalantus' horse, which he tells us was

"Milke-white, but that vpon his shoulder and withers, he was freckned with red staines, as when a few strawberries are scattered into a dish of creame."

Occasionally we find him indulging in one of those compound definitions so dear to both the divines and dramatists of that period. His definition of love is a notable instance of his ingenuity in this respect :—

"The bewitcher of the witte, the rebell to Reason, the betrayer of resolution, the defiler of thoughts, the vnderminer of magnanimitie, the flatterer of vice, the slaue to weaknesse, the infection of youth, the madnesse of age, the curse of life, and reproch of death."

We quote the following passage, partly as indicative of the author's perception of the humorous, and partly on account of its striking similarity to the scene in "Twelfth Night," in which the lank-haired knight discovering the cowardice of Viola, feels a sudden access of new-born valour, and is desirous to pursue and cudgel her. Dametas is here the challenger, and Clinias the respondent. The latter, like Viola, "horribly afraid" declines the combat, and the bearer of the hostile message,—

"— Sory he had sped no better, returned to

Dametas, who had fetched many a sower-breathed sigh, for feare *Clinias* would accept the chalenge. But when he perceiued by his trusty messenger, that this delay was in effect a denial, there being no disposition in him to accept it; then lo, *Dametas*, began to speake his lowd voyce, to looke big, to march vp and downe, and in his march to lift his legges higher than he was wont, swearing by no meane deuotions, that the walles should not keepe the coward from him; and then was hotter than euer to prouide himselfe of horse and armour, saying, hee would go to the Iland brauely addoubed, and shew himselfe to his charge *Pamela*."

Among the "songs, brawls, virelays, and verses vain" with which the flowery prose is interlaid, the song of Zelmane is as remarkable for the tedious minuteness of its descriptive passages, as the Echo song is for a certain grotesque distortion of language and of rhyme. Sir Philip's hexameters are by no means improved by their reverberate terminations; *e.g.*:—

"What great name may I give to so heau'nly a woman?
A woe-man.
Wo, but seemes to me ioy, that agrees to my thought so.
I thought so.
Thinke so, for of my desired blisse it is only the course. *Curse.*
Curs'd be thy selfe for cursing that which leades me to ioies.
Toies.
What be the sweet creatures where lowly demands be not heard?
Hard.
What makes them be unkind? speake for th' hast narrowly pry'de? *Pride.*
Whence can pride come there, since springs of beautie be thence?
Thence.
Horrible is this blasphemy vnto the most holy. *O lie.*

Thou li'st false Echo, their minds as vertue be iust. *Iust.*
Mock'st thou those Diamonds which only be matcht by the gods? *Ods.*
Ods? what an ods is there since them to the heau'ns I preferre? *Erre.*
Tell yet againe me the names of these faire form'd to do euils? *Deuils.*
Deuils? if in hell such deuils do abide, to the hells I do go. *Go.*"

There are few readers who would not willingly consign this piece of solemn trifling to a limbo only less terrible than that to which Echo has directed Philisides (the other speaker in this novel Eclogue). Zelmane's song resembles a versified description of one of Etty's pictures, composed by a coarse compiler of catalogues, and we allude to it merely as confirmatory of the manifold improvement which has taken place in public taste and morals since the period when "the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia" was the popular study of the youthful gentlewomen of England.

Not, however, to deprive the general reader of a taste of Sidney's quality as a portrait painter, we will insert his description of Urania, of whom he says that "the least thing that may be praised in her is her beautie. Certainly as her eyelids are more pleasant to behold than two white kiddes climbing vp a faire tree, and browsing on his tendrest branches, and yet are nothing compared to the day-shining starres contained in them; and as her breath is more sweete than a gentle South-west wind, which comes creeping ouer flowrie fieldes and shadowed waters in the extreame heate of sommer, and yet is nothing compared to the hony-flowing speach that breath doth carrie: no more all that our eyes can see of her (though when they haue seene her, what else they shall euer

see is but drie stubble after clouers grasse) is to be matched with the flocke of vnspeakeable vertues, laid vp delightfully in that best builded fold."

As a companion piece we will also quote a passage descriptive of the charms of Pamela:—

"Musidorus thought her faire forehead was a field where all his fancies fought; and euery haire of her head seemed a strong chaine that tied him. Her fairer liddes then hiding her fairer eyes, seemed vnto him sweete boxes of mother of pearle, rich in themselues, but containing in them farre richer jewels. Her cheekes with their colour most delicately mixed would haue entertained his eyes somewhile, but that the roses of her lippes (whose separating was wont to be accompanied with most wise speeches) now by force drew his sight, to marke how pretily they lay one ouer the other, vniting their deuided beauties: and thorough them the eye of his fancy deliuered to his memorie the lying (as in ambush) vnder her lippes of those armed rankes, all armed in most pure white, and keeping the most precise order of militarie discipline. And lest this beautie might seeme the picture of some excellent artificer, foorth there stale a soft breath, carrying good testimonie of her inward sweetness; and so stealingly it came out, as it seemed loath to leave his contentfull mansion, but that it hoped to be drawne in againe to that well-closed paradise."

A comparison of the foregoing passages with any of the brief, compact, and vividly-graphic word-pictures, which occur in the dramas of Shakspere will afford a pertinent illustration of the impolicy of Genius forfeiting its allegiance to Nature and yielding to the allurements of a meretricious fancy. We turn from

"Arcadia" to "Cymbeline,"—from the eyelids of Urania to those of Imogen,—from the

> "Two kiddes climbing up a faire tree,"

to

> "The encloséd lights, now canopy'd
> Under these windows, *white and azure, lac'd*
> *With blue of heaven's own tinct;*"

with the same feeling of relief which Lioni (in "Marino Faliero") is described as experiencing when he turns from

> "The unwholesome press
> Of flushed and crowded wassailers,"

to the "benign and quiet influences" of night, as it descends upon the "ocean-born and earth-commanding city" of the Adriatic; and wish that the exuberant imagination of the courtier had been chastened by a judgment as correct and authoritative as that which swayed the mind of the great dramatist, his contemporary.

We close our notice of "Arcadia" with an extract which will remind the reader of some of the extramundane speculations of Sir Thomas Browne. The hopeful and exalted philosophy which pervades it impresses one with a favourable opinion of the mental organization of the writer, and enables us to quit the subject with a tribute of honest admiration to the liberal and cultivated intellect, the expansive and catholic views of Sidney:

Pyrocles suggests the possibility of remembrance extending beyond the grave. To which Musidorus replies "I do not think the contrarie, although you know it is greatly held, that with the death of bodie

and sences (which are not onely the beginning but dwelling and nourishing of passions, thoughts, and imaginations) they fayling, memorie likewise failes, which riseth only out of them; and then is there left nothing, but the intellectuall part or intelligence, which voide of all morall vertues, which stand in the meane of perturbations, doth only liue in the contemplatiue vertue and power of the omnipotent good, the soule of soules, and vniuersall life of this great worke, and therefore is vtterly void, from the possibility of drawing to itselfe these sensible considerations. Certainly, answered Pyrocles, I easily yield that we shall not know one another, and much lesse these passed things, with a sensible or passionate knowledge. For the cause being taken away, the effects followe. Neither do I thinke, we shall haue such a memory, as now we have, which is but a relicke of the senses, or rather a print the senses have left of things passed in our thoughts, but it shall be a vitall power of that very intelligence; which as while it was here it held the chiefe seate of our life, and was as it were the last resort, to which of all our knowledges, the highest appeale came, and so by that meanes was neuer ignorant of our actions, though many times rebelliously resisted, alwayes with this prison darkened; so, much more being free of that prison, and returning to the life of all things, where all infinite knowledge is, it cannot but be a right intelligence, which is both his name and being, of things both present and passed, though voide of imagining to itselfe any thing but euen growne like to his Creator, hath all things with a spirituall knowledge before it. The difference of which is as hard for vs to conceiue as it had for vs, when we were in

our mother's wombes, to comprehend (if any body would have told vs) what kind of light we now in this life see, what kind of knowledge we now have, yet now we do not only feele our present being, but we conceive what we were before we were borne, though remembrance makes us not do it, but knowledge, and though we are vtterly without any remorse of any misery we might then suffer. Euen such and much more ods, shall there be at that second deliuery of ours; when void of sensible memory or memoratiue passion, we shall not see the colours, but lifes of all things that have bene or can be: and shall (as I hope) knowe our friendship though exempt from the earthly cares of friendship, hauing both vnited it, and our selues, in that high and heavenly loue of the vnquencheable light."

It may be interesting to mention, in connection with the "Arcadia," that Charles I. is charged by Milton with having transcribed a prayer from it and adapted it to his own uses,—a grave offence in the eyes of the stern old republican.

In 1581, Sidney was one of four challengers who declared themselves ready to meet all comers in a tourney held at Westminster. Hollinshed has preserved a very minute description of his array and retinue. "Then proceeded Maister Philip Sidneie, in verie sumptuous manner, with armour part blew, and the rest gilt and engraven, with four spare horses, having caparisons and furniture verie rich and costlie, as some of cloth of gold embroidered with pearle, and some imbrodered with gold and silver feathers, verie richlie and cunninglie wrought: he had foure pages that rode on his foure spare horses, who had cassocke coats and Venetian hose, all of cloth of silver, laced

with gold lace, and hats of the same with gold bands and white feathers, and ech one a paire of white buskins. Then had he thirtie gentlemen and yeomen, and foure trumpetters who were all in cassock coats, and Venetian hose of yellow velvet laied with silver lace, yellow velvet caps with silver bands and white feathers, and everie one a pare of white buskins; and they had upon their coats a scrowle or band of silver, which came scarfe-wise over the shoulder and so downe under the arme, with this posie or sentence written upon it, before and behind, '*sic nos non nobis.*'

This tournament was held in honour of the illustrious French embassy, which had just arrived in England with proposals for Elizabeth's hand from the Duke of Anjou. Shortly afterwards, that nobleman himself arrived to prosecute his suit personally, but without success; and on his return to the continent to assume the sovereignty of the Netherlands, he was accompanied by Sidney, who, with other men of noble birth, was selected by Elizabeth to escort her disappointed suitor home.

About this time Sidney is believed to have written the "Defence of Poesy;" and in 1583 he united himself in marriage to Frances, sole heiress of Sir Francis Walsingham, celebrated by Spenser as the Mecænas of the age. In the same year our bridegroom received the honour of knighthood from the Queen at Windsor Castle.

Tired of inglorious ease, we next find him projecting a voyage to America in company with Drake, which he was only prevented from carrying into effect by a royal mandate peremptorily forbidding him to venture on the enterprise. In 1585 he was named as a candidate for the throne of Poland, vacant by the

death of Stephen Bathori. Elizabeth was also averse to this, fearing "to lose the jewel of her times," and Fuller affirms that Sidney himself declined the dignity, preferring rather to be "a subject to Queen Elizabeth, than a sovereign beyond the seas."

In the same year he was appointed Governor of Flushing, then garrisoned by English troops, sent over to assist the Protestants of the Netherlands in resisting the monstrous cruelty and oppression of the infamous Duke of Alva. Accompanied by the youthful Stadtholder, Sidney took Axell without the loss of a single man in 1586, but failed in his attempts on Steenburg and Graveling. Three months afterwards, Sir Philip lost his father, and within the space of another three months, death deprived him of his surviving parent. His separation from them, however, was destined to be very brief. On the twenty-second of September, 1586, occurred the battle of Zutphen, the issue of which was full of triumph and tribulation to the victorious English. While the fight was yet raging, Sir Philip, who had already had one horse shot under him, and had mounted a second, perceiving Lord Willoughby in imminent danger, hurried to his rescue. He achieved his purpose and was hastening to the last charge upon the enemy, when he was shot through the left thigh. "Being brought to the Lord Lieutenant," writes Stow, "his Excellencie said, *O Philip, I am sorry for thy hurt.* Sir Philip answered, *This have I done to do you honor, and her Majesty service.* Sir William Russel, coming to him, kissed his hand, and said with tears, *O noble Sir Philip, there was never man attayned hurt more honourably than ye have done, or any served like unto you.*"

It was while he was being borne from the field of battle, in a languid and exhausted state, that the beautiful incident occurred which has become "familiar in our mouths as household words," and which is full of that spirit of self-denial inculcated by the Great Teacher of mankind.

Parched with thirst and faint through loss of blood, Sir Philip craved for some water. It was brought to him, but as the vessel approached his lips, a dying soldier, whose parched mouth seemed gasping for a drop of moisture, met his eye. The draught passed untasted from Sir Philip, and he transferred it to the dying man, feebly articulating as he did so, "THIS MAN'S NECESSITY IS FAR GREATER THAN MINE."

He lingered for sixteen days upon a bed of sickness, (solaced by the society and tender attentions of Lady Sidney, who had accompanied him into Zetland,) and met death with calmness and fortitude. He requested that music might be brought into his chamber, that the pangs of dissolution might be softened by a foretaste of one of the enjoyments of the blessed; and calling his brother to his bed-side, addressed him thus, "Love my memory, cherish my friends—their faith to me may assure you that they are honest. But, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities." And in the arms of his friend and secretary, William Temple, he yielded up his spirit to Him who gave it.

"He died," said one of his dearest friends, "not languishing in idleness, riot, or excess, not as overcome with nice pleasures and fond varieties, but of manly wounds, received in the service of his prince, in defence of persons oppressed, in maintenance of the

only true Catholick and Christian religion, among the noble, valiant, and wise, in the open field, in martial manner, the honourablest death that could be desired, and beseeming a Christian Knight, whereby he hath worthily won to himself martial fame among the godly, and left example worthy of imitation to others of his calling."

A public mourning—the first public example in England, it is believed, of such a demonstration of grief for the loss of a private individual—bore testimony to the natural grief excited by the early death of one so generally beloved, and a public funeral honoured his remains. Let the ceremonial be described in the graphic language of Mr. Charles Knight:—

"From the Minorites, at the eastern extremity of the City, to St. Paul's, there is a vast procession of authorities in solemn purple; but most impressive is the long column of 'certain young men of the City marching by three and three in black cassokins, with their short pikes; halberds, and ensign trailing on the ground.' There are in that procession many of the 'officers of his foot in the Low Countries,' his 'gentlemen and yeomen servants,' and twelve 'Knights of his kindred and friends.' One there is among them upon whom all eyes are gazing—Drake, the bold seaman, who has carried the terror of the English flag through every sea, and in a few months will be 'singeing the King of Spain's beard.' The corpse of Sidney is borne by fourteen of the yeomen; and amongst the pall-bearers is one weeping manly tears —Fulke Greville, upon whose own tomb was written, as the climax of his honour, that he was 'friend to Sir Philip Sidney.' The uncle of the dead hero is there

also—the proud, ambitious, weak, and incapable Leicester, who has been kinging it as Governor General of the Low Countries, without the courage to fight a battle except that in which Sidney was sacrificed."

The familiar but very apocryphal anecdote which records the transports of delight with which Sir Philip Sidney for the first time read the ninth canto of the first book of the Faery Queen, is too well known to need repeating here. His friendship for the poet is not the least honourable or interesting incident of his too brief career; and Spenser spoke his gratitude after Sidney's death, in the following sonnet (addressed to the Countess of Pembroke), with which we may appropriately close our notice of his life:—

Remembrance of that most heroick spirit
  The heaven's pride, the glory of our days,
Which now triumpheth through immortal merit
  Of his brave virtues, crown'd with lasting bays
  Of heavenly bliss and everlasting praise:
Who first my muse did lift out of the flore
  To sing his sweet delights in lowly lays,
Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore
His goodly image living evermore
  In the Divine resemblance of your face,
Which with your virtues ye embellish more,
  And native beauty deck with heavenly grace,
For his and for your own especial sake
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.

Chapter the Sixth.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Of the life of Philip Massinger, as of that of most of his dramatic contemporaries, little is known. The Elizabethan dramatists, who gave to our literature some of its most imperishable treasures,—whose genius was the glory of their era,—who peopled this pleasant world of ours with an immortal host of characters—"creatures of the fantasy," yet kindred to humanity in all their passions, attributes, and feelings,—who have lessened the sorrows and augmented the happiness of millions,—whose wit and wisdom have quickened the thoughts and helped to form the characters of Anglo-Saxon men and women in every quarter of the globe;—these dramatists lived and died, and left no record—save their works—of the events personal to themselves which filled up the interval between their first awakening into life, and their last slumber

in the grave. We know less of them than of the ephemeral insect-scribblers who have been preserved for immortality in the amber of Pope's Dunciad. A few vague notices of convivial meetings at the "Mermaid" and other public places of resort, a few scattered allusions to their foibles or excellencies by contemporary poetasters or satirists, a few hints of pecuniary difficulties, gathered from their letters to various playhouse managers, and the ordinary obituary record, carved upon a tomb-stone or scrawled in a parish register, constitute all the really authentic memoirs we possess of men whose works will co-exist with the language in which they were written.

A recent biographer ingeniously suggests, in explanation, that "the age of the great drama was neither a happy nor an innocent age. It was a time of much vice, much folly, and much trouble; but it was also an age of prodigious energy. Everything, good or evil, was on a colossal scale. The strength of will kept equipoise with the vigour of intellect. There were too many to admire themselves and others for potency in ill, not a few who sought and obtained éclat by the inventive extravagance of their absurdities,—but no one valued himself or others for petty amiabilities or petty weaknesses. It was an age of high principle and of vehement passions, not of complacent sentimentality. Hence the minor and negative virtues, which are all that a poor man in general *can display*, and the trivial accidents which make up the sum of private existence, were suffered to join the vast silence of forgotten moments, without note or comment: and hence, I conclude, that of our greatest dramatic artists, little has been told, because there was little to tell; little to gratify the malicious curiosity

which fed on corruption; and little which the better sort considered worthy of lasting record,—though doubtless much that exercised the patience and evoked the noblest faculties of the dramatists themselves."

The Parish Register of Saint Thomas, Salisbury, contains the following entry of the poet's baptism:—

"*November*, 1583, *Philip Messanger, the son of Arthur, baptised the* 24*th*."

Arthur Massinger appears to have held a situation of trust in Wilton House, most probably that of steward, or, otherwise, of secretary. The services he rendered to the Pembroke family were clearly not of a menial character, for his name is mentioned in the *Sidney Letters* as "being newly come up from the Earl of Pembroke with letters to the Queen, for his lordship's leave to be away this St. George's day." The bearer of letters to Elizabeth on an occasion which she perhaps thought important, could, as Davies justly observes, be no mean person: for no monarch ever exacted from the nobility in general, and the officers of state in particular, a more rigid and scrupulous compliance to stated order than this princess.

The first sixteen years of the life of Philip Massinger were spent, there is little doubt, at Wilton House. Hartley Coleridge somewhat precipitately infers the contrary from the dedication to the "Bondman," in which the dramatist states that "he had never arrived at the happiness to be made known" to Philip of Montgomery; but as Philip was the second son of the earl who occupied Wilton House, during the youth of Massinger, and, as it is believed, lived mostly on the Welsh estate, there is nothing very remarkable in the circumstance of Philip Massinger and Philip of Montgomery never having "for-gathered."

The same writer goes on to remark, "Could it indeed be proved, that the child Massinger wandered in the marble halls and picture galleries of Wilton, that princely seat of old magnificence, where Sir Philip Sidney composed his *Arcadia;* that his young eyes gazed upon those panels whereon the story of Mopsa and Dorcas, and Musidorus and Philoclea were limned in antique tracery; that he was dandled in his babyhood by the fair Countess of the *Arcadia*, and shared the parting kiss of Sir Philip when he set forth for those wars from which he was never to return,—with what accumulated interest should we read his dramas, several of which display an intimacy with the details of noble housekeeping, not likely to have been acquired in the latter periods of the poet's existence! Is it not possible that Sir Philip may have been his godfather, and given him his name? The conjecture is in strict accordance with the manners of that age, and almost derives a plausibility from the sequel of Massinger's fortunes."

Wanting the desiderated proof, we must be content with the very strong presumption that Massinger *did* spend the first sixteen years of his life in Wilton House, and that the society with which he associated, and the objects by which he was surrounded exercised a perceptible influence upon his mind, and gave a local colouring to the writings which he produced in after life. In his address to his "good lord and patron, Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, upon the deplorable death of his son, Lord Charles Herbert," he says:—

> "Nor are the groans of common men to be
> Blended with those, which the nobility
> Vent hourly for him,"—

a passage which sounds strangely in modern ears, but which was indicative, we think, of the respectful, not to say reverential, feeling with which he regarded high rank, and which was the not unnatural result of early training. The same aristocratic bias is evident in the contempt he delights to accumulate on city knights and madams, the former of whom he appears to look upon as useful only to accumulate fortunes, with which to dower daughters who unite themselves to spendthrift patricians. The mere man of fashion, however, whether he be noble or plebeian, meets with little mercy at his hands; but for the honest, homely country gentleman—the type of a class he must have often met beneath the hospitable roof of Wilton House—he entertains an unaffected feeling of respect. Such an one is *Plenty* who observes—

> "My clothes are paid for
> As soon as put on; a sin your man of title
> Is seldom guilty of; but Heaven forgive it!
> I have other faults, too, very incident
> To a plain gentleman: I eat my venison
> With my neighbours in the country, and present not
> My pheasants, partridges and grouse to the usurer;
> Nor ever yet paid brokage to his scrivener.
> I flatter not my mercer's wife, nor feast her
> With the first cherries or peascods, to prepare me
> Credit with her husband, when I come to London.
> The wool of my sheep, or a score or two of fat oxen
> In Smithfield, give me money for my expenses.
> I can make my wife a jointure of such lands too
> As are not encumbered; no annuity
> Or statute lying on them."
>
> *City Madam.*

There is a savour of Wilton kitchen, we should think in his unctuous talk of "country Christmases,"—

"Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of carps tongues,
Their pheasants drench'd with ambergris, the carcases
Of three fat wethers bruis'd for gravy, to
Make sauce for a single peacock." *Ibid.*

A magnificent style of housekeeping, that!—not altogether extinct in our own times, and certainly not in the days of our grandsires, as we are reminded by an old paper, now lying before us, containing a description of a Christmas pie in 1770, which was thus composed, "two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, two snipes, four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds, and six pigeons!"—The bracing air of the Wiltshire downs, and the thymy odour of their elastic turf, breathe through the following extract from "The Guardian:"

"DURAZZO.—I must have you
To my country villa; rise before the sun,
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Served up by nature on some grassy hill;
You'll find it nectar, and far more cordial
Than cullises, cockbroth, or your distillations
Of a hundred crowns a quart.
CALDORO.—You talk of nothing.
DUR.—This ta'en as a preparative, to strengthen
Your queasy stomach, vault into your saddle;
(With all this flesh, I can do it without a stirrup),—
My hounds uncoupled and my huntsmen ready,
You shall hear such music from their tunable mouths
That you shall say the viol, harp, and theorbo
Ne'er made such ravishing harmony: from the groves
And neighbouring woods, with frequent iterations,
Enamour'd of the cry, a thousand echoes
Repeating it.
CALD.—What's this to me?
DUR.—It shall be,
And you give thanks for 't. In the afternoon,

For we will have variety of delights,
We'll to the field again, no game shall rise
But we'll be ready for't: if a hare, my greyhounds
Shall make a course; for the pie or jay, a spar-hawk
Flies from the fist; the crow so near pursued,
Shall be compell'd to seek protection under
Our horses' bellies; a hearn, put from her siege,
And a pistol shot off in her breech, shall mount
So high, that to your view, she'll seem to soar
Above the middle region of the air:
A cast of haggard falcons, by me mann'd,
Eyeing the prey at first, appear as if
They did turn tail; but with their labouring wings
Getting above her, with a thought their pinions
Cleaving the purer element, make in
And by turns bind with her; the frighted fowl,
Lying at her defence upon her back,
With her dreadful beak awhile defers her death,
But by degrees forced down, we part the fray
And feast upon her.
CALD.—This cannot be, I grant,
But pretty pastime.
DUR.—Pretty pastime, nephew!
'Tis royal sport. Then, for an evening flight,
A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,
In such a place flies, as he seems to say,
See me or see me not! the partridge sprung,
He makes his stoop; but wanting breath, is forced
To cancelier; then, with such speed as if
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes
The trembling bird, who even in death appears
Proud to be made his quarry."

So graphic and so picturesque a description of hunting, hawking, and falconry could have been written by no "home-keeping youth." It was the vivid transcript of the "royal" sports he had himself enjoyed in the park, and over the broad estate, belonging

to the Pembroke Family. And if the body of the youthful poet was thus strengthened and invigorated by the out-of-door amusements of the age, there can be little doubt that his mind received some nurture in the well-stored library of the mansion. Would he not find there

" The books of Amadis de Gaul,
The Palmerins, and that true Spanish story,
The Mirror of Knighthood, which I have read often,
Read feelingly"? *The Guardian.*

On the 14th of May, 1602, Massinger was entered as a Commoner of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford; his gentilitous descent is evident from the terms of the entry in which he is styled *generosi filius*. His stay at college did not exceed four years, during which period he is said by Wood to have given his mind to poetry and romances more than to logic and philosophy; an assertion which has drawn down upon "this tasteless drudge" the wrath of Gifford, who observes, in vindication of the poet, that "it might be easily proved that he was no mean proficient in philosophy of the noblest kind;" and "that he must have applied himself to study with uncommon energy; for his literary acquisitions at this early period appear to be multifarious and extensive."

It is stated that he was supported at the University by the Earl of Pembroke, and that his abrupt departure from Oxford was occasioned by his having embraced the Roman Catholic religion, and thereby forfeited the good opinion of his patron.

Gifford deduces Massinger's catholicism from a close and repeated perusal of the three dramas most strongly coloured by the religious sentiments of their author; but nothing conclusive or satisfactory can be established on the subject.

"It is impossible to say," remarks Coleridge, "in what measure he partook of the errors and superstitions which had encrusted Christianity in the lazy lapse of ages, and which were rejected by the divines who undertook to restore the Primitive Church. But if it be duly considered, that in his days, the *visible* Church of England was an untrimmed vessel, lurching now towards Rome, and now towards Geneva, it is no wonder if many of the young, the impassioned, the

imaginative, inclined towards that form of faith and of worship, which wore at least the semblance of venerable seniority, gave ample room for the fancy and the affections, was inextricably intertwined with the whole tissue of chivalry and romance, hallowed alike the gorgeous ceremony, the austere fast, and the periodic day of rustic merriment—and was 'all things to all men,' holding out the honours of apotheosis to the ascetic, and offering an easy absolution to the voluptuous." And after a patient analysis of the three plays alluded to by Gifford ("The Virgin Martyr," "The Renegade," and "The Maid of Honour"), the same biographer concludes that Massinger "went as near Rome as his reason would permit him; but there is no proof that he ever renounced the English Communion. Superstitious he might be; most men of genius are so in some way or other; but the superstitions of genius are harmless to men of genius, however pernicious when congealed to dogmata by the sunless atmosphere of vulgar souls. Fanatic or bigot, Massinger was not."

Be the cause what it may, Massinger appears to have left Oxford on the death of his father, and prompted by the hope of acquiring fame and fortune in the metropolis, he ventured thither in 1606, and, with one exception, we hear nothing of him for the next sixteen years, at the expiration of which time, namely, in 1622, his "Virgin Martyr," the first of his printed works, was given to the public. Conjecture busies itself in vain to discover how the interval was spent. Probably a knowledge of it would only add another chapter to the "Calamities of Authors," and this probability is strengthened by the circumstance of Massinger's name appearing at

the foot of a tripartite supplication for money, addressed to Philip Henslow (a pawnbroker), about the year 1614.

Whatever may have been the nature of his pursuits, however, his works testify that he was a minute and watchful observer of the multifarious aspects of city life; and no student who desires to become familiar with the habits and customs of the Town in the early portion of the seventeeth century will neglect to consult the dramas of Philip Massinger. In what a spirit of magnificent eulogy does Luke (in the "City Madam") descant upon the joys of the metropolis:—

> "Didst thou know
> What 'tis to enter
> An ordinary, cap-à-pie, trimm'd like a gallant,
> For which, in trunks conceal'd, be ever furnish'd;
> The reverence, respect, the crouches, cringes,
> The musical chime of gold in your cramm'd pockets,
> Commands from the attendants, and poor porters—
> TRADEWELL.—O rare!
> LUKE.—Then sitting at the table with
> The braveries of the kingdom, you shall hear
> Occurrents from all corners of the world,
> The plots, the counsels, the designs of princes,
> And freely censure them; the city wits
> Cried up, or decried, as their passions lead them;
> Judgment having nought to do there.
> TRADE.—Admirable!
> LUKE.—My lord shall no sooner rise out of his chair,
> The gaming lord, I mean, but you may boldly,
> By the privilege of a gamester, fill his room,
> For in play you are all fellows; have your knife
> As soon in the pheasant; drink your health as freely,
> And striking in a lucky hand or two,
> Buy out your time.
> TRADE.—This may be; but suppose
> We should be known?

LUKE.—Have money and good clothes,
And you may pass invisible.

"Money and good clothes," it seems, were as essential to the successful career of the man about town in Massinger's time, as in our own. We meet with the same idea expanded in another of his dramas, where the writer presents us with a racy sketch of a town-gallant, drawn from the life most likely, in the Mall or at an Ordinary:—

"I have all that's requisite
To the making up of a signior; my spruce ruff,
My hooded cloak, long stocking and paned hose,
My case of tooth-picks, and my silver fork,
To convey an olive neatly to my mouth;—
And, what is all in all, my pockets ring
A golden peal. O that the peasants in the country,
My quondam fellows, but saw me as I am,
How they would admire and worship me!"

"City dames, whom wealth makes proud;" city entertainments, and the "ceaseless quarrels" of the city streets, are painted with as free a hand; and everywhere we are impressed with the belief that the artist was a spectator only and not an actor in the scenes he paints.

Massinger's abode in the metropolis has suggested to the mind of Hartley Coleridge a pleasant speculation. "We are naturally curious to enquire," he says, "whether Massinger was known to Shakspere; and whether they liked one another; and what they thought of each other; and whether they ever took a cup of sack together at the Mitre or the Mermaid; and whether Massinger was ever umpire or bottle-holder (he was too grave to be a partaker) at those

wit-combats so happily described by Old Fuller. . . . . Most likely Shakspere and Massinger met, but we have no ground to conjecture the amount of their acquaintance. As dramatists, they were hardly contemporary—at least, Shakspere retired some years before Massinger produced his earliest *extant* play. Let us take it for granted that the old bard encouraged the young aspirant (for he knew the fatalities of the human will too well to dissuade) and prognosticated his future greatness."

The hypothesis is one which Charles Lamb would have expatiated upon with infinite gusto, and which every lover of the world's poet will be willing to entertain.

During Massinger's residence in London, he produced thirty-seven plays, of which only twenty are known to be in existence. Ten or twelve of the missing plays were destroyed by Mr. Warburton's cook, who applied the manuscript labours of the dramatist to the covering of her pies, an act of vandalism for which the carelessness of the master is as reprehensible as the ignorance of the servant.

Gifford assumes, that Massinger's literary and dramatic earnings did not exceed fifty pounds per annum; and that his last days were clouded by want. And yet he had been honoured by Court *bespeaks*, and smiled upon by royalty! "Charles the Martyr" ordered "The Guardian" to be performed at Court on *Sunday*, the 12th of January, 1633, and Queen Henrietta attended the performance of his "Cleander" (a lost tragedy) at the Blackfriars' Theatre. "Considering what theatres then were," observes Coleridge, "when the young gallants were in the habit of displaying their bravery and tobacco-pipes on stools upon the

stage (a nuisance which Charles II. thought necessary to abate by an order in Council), and when there were twopenny rooms, where ale and tobacco were sold, I cannot think this a very queenly or prudent condescension."

The last play which he produced was acted in January, 1640. Two months afterwards he "shuffled off his mortal coil." On the sixteenth of March "he went to bed in apparent health, and was found dead next day in his house, on the Bankside. Such is the received account; but he seems to have had none to care for him, none to mark his symptoms, or to detect the slow decay which he might conceal in despair of sympathy.

Poorly, poor man, he lived—poorly, poor man, he died.

He was buried in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, and the comedians were his only mourners—perhaps half envious of his escape from the storm that was already grumbling afar, and sending ahead its herald billows. No stone marked his neglected resting place, but in the parish register appears this brief memorial, "March 20, 1639-40—buried Philip Massinger, a STRANGER." His sepulchre was like his life obscure: like the nightingale, he sung darkling—it is to be feared, like the nightingale of the fable, with his breast against a thorn."

It is not a little singular, that, in all these speculations upon the friendless condition in which the dramatist is assumed to have died, none of his biographers should have had their attention directed to the circumstance mentioned by Aubrey, viz., that Philip Massinger was *a married man.* Aubrey's words are these, "Mr. Philip Massinger, author of several good

plays, was a servant to his lordship [the 4th Earl], and had a pension of twenty pounds per annum, *which was payed to his wife* after his decease. She lived at Cardiffe, in Glamorganshire." The authority upon which this statement is made, can scarcely be demurred to. Aubrey was fourteen or fifteen years old at the time of Massinger's decease: he subsequently inherited some property at Broad Chalke, and in all probability received his information direct from some member of the Pembroke family or household.

Was Massinger unhappy in the union he had contracted? Had he been separated from his wife, and are we to add *his* name to that of many other men of genius who have been dowered with the richest gifts of intellect, but have failed to compass the possession of household happiness, and to surround themselves with the domestic enjoyments and sanctities of home? That entry in the Parish Register of St. Saviour is suggestive of a painfully pathetic history; for, as we stand in imagination by the bedside of the dying dramatist, we can conceive how his thoughts would wander towards the absent wife who should have performed the last offices of affection, and smoothed the pillow which no hand—not even a hireling's—adjusted for him in his hour of dissolution. We can conceive how his heart *may* have yearned for the sympathy denied to it in his isolation, and how his ear may have thirsted for the sound of one voice, which, uttering words of gentleness and consolation, would have dismissed his spirit from "the rack of this rough world," with the sweet music of a wife's prayer attending it in its flight. As he looked forth from his sick chamber upon the river Thames, alive with boats and wherries, some of them ferrying visitors

across from the city to the Blackfriars Theatre, where possibly one of his own plays was to be performed that very afternoon, and felt how sadly the gaiety and cheerfulness of the outer world contrasted with the loneliness and suffering within,—as he faintly caught the droning hum of city-life wafted to his ear at fitful intervals, and saw the spires of city-churches reddening with the flush of the declining sun, and discerned in the waning light without, a type and image of the waning life within,—we can conceive that he would turn his face—darkening with the shadow of the final change—towards the wall, and sigh away his soul in speechless solitude,—a " stranger" utterly and helplessly forlorn.

Massinger appears to have been of a devout and melancholy temperament, and to have possessed that feminine tenderness and delicacy of sentiment which is a frequent, if not general, characteristic of the true poet. Most of his contemporaries speak of him in terms of affectionate regard, and it is, therefore, the more to be deplored that none of those to whom he was so well known, and by whom he was so warmly esteemed, have left any memoir of their friend.

This brief notice would be incomplete without some reference to the estimate which the most competent critics have formed of Massinger's mind and genius, and we shall therefore conclude by citing the opinions of Gifford, Dr. Ferriar, and Hartley Coleridge.

" Poverty," says the first-named commentator, " made him no flatterer, and, what is still more rare, no maligner of the great; nor is one symptom of envy manifested in any part of his compositions. His principles of patriotism appear irreprehensible; the extravagant and slavish doctrines which are found in

the dramas of his great contemporaries, made no part of his creed, in which the warmest loyalty is skilfully combined with just and rational ideas of political freedom. Nor is this the only instance in which the rectitude of his mind is apparent; the writers of his day abound in recommendations of suicide; he is uniform in the reprehension of it, with a single exception, to which, perhaps, he was led by the peculiar turn of his studies. Guilt of every kind is usually left to the punishment of divine justice; even the wretched Malefort excuses himself to his son on his supernatural appearance, because the latter was *not marked out by heaven* for his mother's avenger; and the young, the brave, the pious Charalois accounts his death fallen upon him by the will of heaven, because '*he made himself a judge of heaven.*' But the great, the glorious distinction of Massinger, is the uniform respect with which he treats religion and its ministers, in an age when it was found necessary to add regulation to regulation to stop the growth of impiety on the stage. No priests are introduced by him 'to set on some quantity of barren spectators' to laugh at their licentious follies, the sacred name is not lightly invoked, nor daringly sported with; nor is Scripture prefaced by buffoon allusions, lavishly put into the mouths of fools and women."

"Our poet," writes Dr. Ferriar, "excels more in the description than in the expression of passion; this may be ascribed, in some measure, to his nice attention to the fable: while his scenes are managed with consummate skill, the lighter shades of character and sentiment are lost in the tendency of each part to the catastrophe. The prevailing beauties of his productions are dignity and elegance; their predo-

minant fault is want of passion. The melody, force, and variety of his versification are everywhere remarkable: admitting the validity of all the objections which are made to the employment of blank verse in comedy, Massinger possesses charms sufficient to dissipate them all. When we compare him with the other dramatic writers of his age, we cannot long hesitate where to place him. More natural in his characters and more poetical in his diction than Jonson or Cartwright, more elevated and nervous than Fletcher, the only writers who can be supposed to contest his pre-eminence, Massinger ranks immediately under Shakspere himself."

In the opinion of Hartley Coleridge, " Massinger's excellence—a great and beautiful excellence it is—was in the expression of virtue, in its probation, its strife, its victory. He could not, like Shakspere, invest the perverted will with the terrors of a magnificent intellect, or bestow the cestus of poetry on simple unconscious loveliness."

Chapter the Seventh.

GEORGE HERBERT.

All that is, or perhaps can be, known of George Herbert has been preserved in Izaak Walton's Life of that estimable man. In the subject of his memoir, the simple hearted, nature-loving old angler seems to have found a man whose piety, integrity, and singleness of mind were thoroughly congenial with his own. The theme is dear to him, and he expatiates with a loving earnestness upon the delightful attributes of a character remarkable for its transparent purity, and narrates the chequered incidents of Herbert's brief career in a style as quaint and picturesque as the age in which he lived. The life of the Rector of Bemerton was a living illustration of the truths he preached, and an instructive commentary on his own works. The duties of a Country Parson were not more truly set forth in his "Priest to the Temple," than they were conscientiously fulfilled in his daily life; and the religious spirit which breathes through every poem of the "Temple," was the visible spring

of all he wrought and thought in the humble sphere of his pastoral duties. Like the sonnets of Shakspere, these poems embody a history of the writer's own sentiments and feelings, reflecting the transient impulses of the hour, and giving expression to the more permanent and deeply rooted principles which lay at the foundation of his moral being. They are now bright with the sunshine of a hopeful spirit, soaring upwards into the serene and cloudless region of assured belief and lofty contemplation, and now darkened by the shadows with which physical infirmities will sometimes obscure the aspirations of the purest soul.

George, fifth son of Richard Herbert, great grandson of Sir Richard Herbert, of Colebrook, in the county of Monmouth, Knight Banneret, was born at Montgomery Castle on the 3rd of April, 1593. Like most men who have attained to eminence, his mind was moulded by the early training of a good mother, to whose grace and beauty Dr. Donne has given an enduring life. At the age of twelve, Herbert was sent to Westminster School, and three years later, being then a King's Scholar, he was transferred to Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1611 he took the degree of Bachelor, and in 1615 that of Master of Arts, and was elected Major Fellow of the College. At this period, as in after life, music was his favourite recreation and unfailing solace. In his own words, "it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raised his weary soul so far above earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of heaven, before he possessed them. In 1619 he was chosen Orator for the University, an appointment he held for eight years. While acting in this capacity

he obtained the favour of the reigning monarch and the friendship of Sir Francis Bacon, Dr. Andrews (Bishop of Winchester), Sir Henry Wotton, and Dr. Donne. Well versed in the continental languages, and basking in the sunshine of royal favour, Herbert's aspirations turned towards the attainment of political distinction, but at this juncture two of his influential patrons died, and "not long after them," adds Izaak Walton, "King James died also, and with him all Mr. Herbert's Court hopes." A pious impulse or the bitterness of disappointment drove him into retirement. In the solitude of the country, in communion with nature, and in the study of his own heart, he found the incentives to relinquish those schemes of ambition which he had "loved, not wisely, but too well," and to form the resolution of devoting himself to the service of Religion. A recent historian has rendered us familiar with the degrading position occupied by the lower rank of the clergy in those days, and we need feel no surprise, therefore, that a courtly friend should have dissuaded Herbert from entering the Church, stigmatizing the employment as mean and debasing, and equally unworthy of his rank and acquirements. Let us be grateful, however, for a dissuasion which called forth so admirable and characteristic a reply:—"It hath been formerly judged," said Herbert, "that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth. And though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible; yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God that gave them; knowing that I can never do too

much for Him, that hath done so much for me, as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus."

In 1626 he was made Prebend of Layton Ecclesia, in the county of Huntingdon; and finding the parish church of this village in a decayed and ruinous condition, he zealously applied himself to the task of re-edifying the shattered edifice, an object which the liberality of his friends assisted him to accomplish. In 1629 an attack of ague necessitated his removal from Layton, and he took up his residence for a twelvemonth with his brother, Sir Henry, at Woodford, in Essex; from whence he removed to Dauntsey, in Wiltshire, the seat of the Earl of Danby, and here he declared his resolution both to marry and to enter on the sacred duties of the priesthood. The history of his wooing must be told in Walton's own quaint language. At Bainton there resided "a gentleman of a noble fortune, and a near kinsman to his friend the Earl of Danby; namely, Charles Danvers, Esq. This Mr. Danvers having known him long, and familiarly, did so much affect him, that he often and publicly declared a desire, that Mr. Herbert *would marry any of his nine daughters*,—for he had so many,—but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing: and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonic, as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen.

"This was a fair preparation for a marriage; but, alas! her father died before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dauntsey: yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting; at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city: and love having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions as neither party was able to resist; insomuch, that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview."

This union, though concerted with so many circumstances of singularity, and contracted with so much haste, appears to have been productive of unmixed happiness to both; "for," adds the garrulous old biographer, "the Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections, and compliance; indeed, so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective; yet this mutual content, and joy, and love, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improveable in Heaven, where they now enjoy it."

The elevation of the then Rector of Bemerton to the Bishopric of Bath and Wells, created a vacancy which the friends of Herbert were anxious should be filled up by him; and the King willingly acceded to the request of the Earl of Pembroke that the Rectory should be conferred upon his estimable kinsman. But in the humble, self-distrusting mind of Herbert,

there sprung up a spiritual conflict, in which an overwhelming sense of the responsibilities which would be entailed upon him by the cure of so many souls, triumphed over every other consideration, and induced him to decline the charge conferred upon him. Accordingly he repaired to Wilton, where the monarch and the court were then staying, and communicated his resolution to the Earl. The incident which followed is graphically told by Izaak Walton, from whose biography we must henceforth borrow largely.

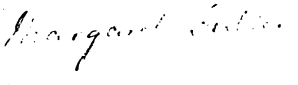
"That night, the Earl acquainted Dr. Laud, then Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of Canterbury, with his kinsman's irresolution; and the Bishop did the next day so convince Mr. Herbert, that the refusal of it was a sin, that a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton, to take measure, and make him canonical clothes against next day; which the tailor did: and Mr. Herbert being so habited, went with his presentation to the learned Dr. Davenant, who was then Bishop of Salisbury, and he gave him institution immediately,—for Mr. Herbert had been made Deacon some years before,—and he was also the same day—which was April 26th, 1630, —inducted into the good and more pleasant than healthful Parsonage of Bemerton."

It would have been difficult, we should imagine, to select a spot more suitable for the residence of a man like Herbert, than that which was to become famous by virtue of his having made it *his* abode. So near to Wilton as to enable him to have constant access to the library and works of art,—an intercourse with which, his elegant and cultivated mind must sometimes have required,—and so near to Salisbury that

his eyes could often feast upon the architecture, and his ear revel in the choral services of the cathedral, —enjoyments as essential as they were exquisite to a nature such as his; the Parsonage of Bemerton must have been the home, of all others, most congenial to the wishes of George Herbert. We think of him in the long bright summer evenings, when the valley was filled with the golden haze which heralded the approaching sunset, and the white-breasted swallows were skimming through the balmy air, and the trout

were leaping in the glistening Nadder, and nightingales were filling every brake with their delicious song,—we think of him, at such a time, as pacing up and down the Parsonage garden, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," or weaving those fancies into verse which after-ages "will not willingly let die." We think of him as occasionally receiving beneath his hospitable roof, his more worldly-minded and ambitious brother, Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, and cannot refrain from wishing some friendly listener had noted down the colloquies of two such men, brethren in

blood and brethren in the art of song. But if we may not learn the language which they spoke, we may study their lineaments in the written portraitures we shall now transcribe; and from the Latin poems of the one and the devotional verses of the other, the reader may derive suggestive hints for an imaginary conversation between the two.



"Lord Edward Herbert was one of the handsomest men of his day, of a beauty alike stately, chivalric, and intellectual. His person and features were cultivated by all the disciplines of a time when courtly graces were not insignificant, because a monarch-mind informed the court, nor warlike customs rude or mechanical, for individual nature had free play in the field, except as restrained by the laws of courtesy and honour. The steel glove became his hand, and the spur his heel; neither can we fancy him out of his place, for any place he would have made his own. But all this grace and dignity of the man of the world was in him subordinated to that of the man, for in his eye, and in the brooding sense of all his countenance, was felt the life of one, who, while he deemed that all his present honour lay in playing well the part assigned him by destiny, never forgot that it was but a part, and fed steadily his forces on that within that passeth show.

"It has been said, with a deep wisdom, that the figure we most need to see before us now, is not that of a saint, martyr, sage, poet, artist, preacher, or any other whose vocation leads to a seclusion and partial use of faculty, but "a spiritual man of the world," able to comprehend all things, exclusively dedicate to none. Of this idea we need a new expression, peculiarly adapted to our time; but in the past it will be difficult

to find one more adequate than the life and person of Lord Herbert.

" George Herbert, like his elder brother, was tall, erect, and with the noble air of one sprung from a race whose spirit has never been broken or bartered; but his thin form contrasted with the full developement which generous living, various exercise, and habits of enjoyment had given his brother. Nor had his features that range or depth of expression which tell of many-coloured experiences and passions undergone or vanquished. The depth, for there was depth, was of feeling rather than experience. A penetrating sweetness beamed from him on the observer, who was rather raised and softened in himself than drawn to think of the being who infused this heavenly fire into his veins. Like the violet, the strong and subtle odour of his mind was arrayed at its source with such an air of meekness, that the receiver blessed rather the liberal winds of heaven than any earth-born flower for the gift."

Walton relates a singular incident connected with Herbert's induction to the living:—" When he was shut into Bemerton Church, being left there to toll the bell,—as the Law requires him,—he staid so much longer than an ordinary time, before he returned to those friends that staid expecting him at the Church-door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the Church-window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the Altar; at which time and place,—as he after told Mr. Woodnot,—he set some rules to himself for the future manage of his life; and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them."

In his vision of

> " The Virtues sitting hand in hand
> In several ranks upon an azure throne,"

Herbert discerns Humility upon the lowest seat; and at the foundation of the excellencies of his own character, the broad and massive corner-stone of Humility had been carefully and firmly laid. "The third day after he was made Rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife," says Walton, with a minuteness of detail that reminds one of Defoe, "he said to her—'You are now a Minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know, *that a Priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them.* And let me tell you, that I am so good a Herald, as to assure you that this is truth.' And she was so meek a wife, as to assure him, 'it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness.' And, indeed, her unforced humility, that humility that was in her so original, as to be born with her, made her so happy as to do so; and her doing so begot her an unfeigned love, and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her; *and this love followed her in all places, as inseparably as shadows follow substances in sunshine.*"

We may gather from this incident how fully he had realized the wish which found an utterance in his verse:—

> "Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
> Complies and suits with all estates;
> Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with pleasure
> Take up within a cloister's gates."

From that time, his wife became his almoner. He paid into her hands a tenth portion of the money he received for tithe, and committed to her distribution a tenth part of the corn that came yearly into his barn; and as the bounty of her nature was as liberal as his own, the poor man's blessing was the daily guerdon of their alms.

Reverting, however, to the subject of humility, Walton records two instances of the exercise of this virtue, which are too characteristic to be omitted:—"Coming alone to Bemerton, there came to Mr. Herbert a poor old woman with an intent to acquaint him with her necessitous condition, as also with some troubles of her mind; but after she had spoke some few words to him, she was surprised with a fear, and that begot a shortness of breath, so that her spirits and speech failed her; which he perceiving, did so compassionate her, and was so humble, that he took her by the hand, and said, 'Speak, good mother; be not afraid to speak to me; for I am a man that will bear with you with patience; and will relieve your necessities too, if I am able: and this I will do willingly; and, therefore, mother, be not afraid to acquaint me with what you desire.' After which comfortable speech, he again took her by the hand, made her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his parish, he told her 'He would be acquainted with her, and take her into his care.' And having with patience heard and understood her wants,—*and*," parenthetically adds old Izaak, in his own *naire* truthful way "*it is some relief for a poor body to be but heard with patience*,—he, like a Christian Clergyman, comforted her by his meek behaviour and counsel; but because that cost him nothing, he relieved her with money too, and

so sent her home with a cheerful heart, praising God, and praying for him. Thus lowly was Mr. George Herbert in his own eyes, and thus lovely in the eyes of others."

"In another walk to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load: they were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man, and was so like the Good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him, 'That if he loved himself he should be merciful to his beast.' Thus he left the poor man: and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed: but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him 'He had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment,' his answer was, 'That the thought of what he had done *would prove music to him at midnight;* and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whensoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet, let me tell you, I would not willingly let pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let's tune our instruments."

Herbert's fondness for music appears almost to have

amounted to a passion. It was a favourite recreation of his leisure hours, and an art, moreover, in which he is said to have excelled. Walton speaks of him as having composed "many divine Hymns and Anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol: and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to Music was such, that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days, to the Cathedral Church in Salisbury, and at his return would say, 'That his time spent in prayer, and Cathedral music, elevated his soul, and was his Heaven upon earth.' But before his return thence to Bemerton, he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private Music-meeting; and, to justify this practice, he would often say, 'Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.'"

To the inspiration of the solemn services of the Cathedral, we probably owe the following poem, which is a fair specimen of the faults and beauties—the rude frieze and cloth of gold, which were interwoven in his poetry:—

CHURCH MUSIC.

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you: when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence; and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assigned.
Now I in you without a body move,
Rising and falling with your wings:
We both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, GOD help poor Kings.
Comfort, I'll die; for if you post from me,
Sure I shall do so, and much more:
But if I travel in your company,
You know the way to heaven's door.

And now we rapidly approach the period of Herbert's translation to a better world. During the last two years of his benign and busy life, he had improved and beautified the church at Bemerton, rebuilt the greater portion of the parsonage, and had written both the works on which his reputation mainly, though not exclusively, depends. In the meditations of his study, in music, in literary labours, and in the daily practice of the precepts which he taught, he found a compensation for, and countercharm against, the glittering prizes of distinction, of which he had relinquished the pursuit; and when death overtook him in the very prime of life, its awful presence did not discompose his calm and smooth serenity of soul.

The malady which closed his life was a slow consumption, and during the gradual wasting away of the frail tenement in which his spirit dwelt, "majesty and humility were so reconciled in his looks" as to beget in the beholder "an awful reverence for his person." The closing scene of his career is thus beautifully told by Walton:—

"In this time of his decay, he was often visited and prayed for by all the Clergy that lived near to him, especially by his friends the Bishop and Prebends of the Cathedral Church in Salisbury; but by none more devoutly than his wife, his three nieces,—then a part of his family,—and Mr. Woodnot, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay; to whom he would often speak to this purpose: 'I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, in music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past by me like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see, that as my father

and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark; and I praise GOD I am prepared for it; and I praise him that I am not to learn patience now I stand in such need of it; and that I have practised mortification, and endeavoured to die daily, that I might not die eternally; and my hope is that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain; and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the New Jerusalem; dwell there with men made perfect; dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus; and with him see my dear mother, and all my relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place. And this is my content, that I am going daily towards it; and that every day which I have lived, hath taken a part of my appointed time from me; and that I shall live the less time, for having lived this and the day past.' These and the like expressions, which he uttered often, may be said to be his enjoyment of Heaven before he enjoyed it. The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand, and said,

" My GOD, my GOD,
My music shall find thee,
And every string
Shall have his attribute to sing.

" And, having tuned it, he played and sung:

" The Sundays of man's life;
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King:

On Sundays Heaven's door stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

" Thus he sung on earth such Hymns and Anthems as the Angels and he now sing in Heaven. Thus he continued meditating, and praying, and rejoicing, till the day of his death. Having delivered his will into the hands of a confidential friend, he expressed his readiness to die, adding, 'Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me; but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now Lord—Lord, now receive my soul.' And with those words he breathed forth his divine soul, without any apparent disturbance, Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock attending his last breath, and closing his eyes. I wish"—adds honest Izaak—" if GOD shall be so pleased—that I may be so happy as to die like him."

Such was George Herbert in his life and death. A History of Wilton would be incomplete without some mention of so illustrious a member of the House of Pembroke; and, if we have lingered longer on the subject than we ought, it is because we love the memory of the man.

His ashes lie beneath the altar-table of the church at Bemerton. His soul has scaled

" The great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to GOD."

Chapter the Eighth.

THE STUARTS.

In the August following his accession to the throne (A.D. 1603) James the First visited Wilton House, where he was royally entertained by the third Earl of Pembroke. On the 6th of October we find the Queen and himself again enjoying the hospitalities of their noble host; and they appear to have remained here, with occasional excursions to Winchester and Basing in the interval, until the beginning of December. Fear of the plague, which was raging in the metropolis, operated to protract their second visit, for on the 29th of October, this calamitous visitation is thus flippantly alluded to by Mr. Levinus Muncke, writing to his friend Mr. Winwood "from the court at Wilton:"—"The Plague ceaseth apace in London; there dyed this week in London of all diseases *but* 600 *and odd*. I would to GOD the King would draw nearer to it, for in these arrant removes we endure miseries apace, and want of all things, which I never thought the country so unable to supply us."

One is curious to know *what* were the miseries endured by this courtly gentleman during his sojourn in the provinces;—whether the Livery-messes were objectionable to his fastidious appetite, or whether the Salisbury vintners vended indifferent Gascoine wine. Possibly the Wilton mercers were rustical in taste and quite incompetent to furnish so exquisite a courtier with shoe-roses, ruffs and bands, according to the vogue, or plumes and riblons in harmony with

his complexion, or possibly he sighed for the enjoyments of the city tavern, the mid-day lounge in Paul's Walk, the gossip of the club, and the pastimes of the Tennis Court and Mall.

It was at Wilton House that the Royal author of the "Book of Spirits" witnessed the first theatrical representation offered to his notice in England. The scene deserves a sketch on more accounts than one; and, at the risk of failure, we will venture to attempt it.

It is the second of December. Evening has already closed in, and the deepening gloom of the night gives an additional sense of cheerfulness to those who are gathered within the warm and well-lit hall. At one end, the company of players have raised a temporary stage with wings and one set-scene which represents a street, a palace, or an orchard, just as occasion may require, the precise character of the locality being ingenuously indicated by a legibly-written scroll appended to the screen.

In the body of the hall, some twenty paces from the huge wood fire which sheds a flickering glow upon their faces and projects their shadows, gigantically enlarged, upon the wall, the King, his noble host, and a brilliant company are assembled as spectators of the play.

Even were he not seated, and thus distinguishable from the circle who stand around him, you would easily select the monarch from the throng, not alone by reason of the expression of cunning and astuteness stamped upon his countenance, but by his clumsy and ungainly figure, enveloped, but not hidden, by a costly costume, preposterously padded, and sparkling with a profuse garniture of jewellery. Not the less readily

would you single out the noble figure of the monarch's host, conspicuous, as it is, for a stately mien and portance, rather resembling the bearing of a Spanish hidalgo than of an English patrician. Nobles and ladies of the court are also present, young men of gentle birth, attached to the household of the Earl of Pembroke, and the well-knit figure of Master Arthur Massinger, with his velvet jacket and gold chain, momentarily arrests your gaze as it wanders from face to face, and scans the varying emotions excited in the minds of the spectators by the drama now being enacted before their eyes.

The story of the Comedy as gradually developed in action is this:—A duke is wooer to a lady who declines his suit. A friendless girl, young and exceeding fair, wrecked on his territory, seeks and obtains employment in his service as a page, concealing her sex in that disguise. In the household of the lady who is wooed, there lives a roystering knight (her cousin), much given to drinking and to brawls, a foolish guest (also a suitor to the obdurate lady), a grave steward (somewhat sick of self-love), a nimble-witted fool, and a mischief-loving chamber-maid. The duke despatches his new page upon an embassy of love towards the lady of his heart, who presently conceives a strong affection for the handsome messenger, while she (to speak of her in her true character) nourishes in secret an almost hopeless passion for the duke. Meantime some midnight revels are transacting in the lady's house, obnoxious to the staid decorum of the steward, who rebukes the revellers with becoming gravity; whereupon the roystering knight, the lackwit lover, the fool and chambermaid concert a notable project of revenge. The latter, imitating her

lady's hand, indites an obscure epistle of love, drops it on the morrow in the steward's path, and with her co-conspirators, watches in ambush "the trout" whom they have planned to "catch with tickling." The plot succeeds beyond their dearest hopes;—the steward, inflated with a sense of new-born honours budding upon him, resolves to act in consonance with the malicious suggestions of the letter,—to wrinkle his face with smiles, wear yellow stockings, and go cross-gartered,—three things abhorrent to his mistress. Then ensues a colloquy between the roystering knight and his foolish friend wherein the latter is prevailed upon to challenge the page, as being obviously his rival in the lady's love. Another scene presents the audience with the steward, in yellow hose and cross-gartered, kissing his fingers, smiling fantastically, and making love obliquely to his mistress, who, convinced that he is mad, commends him to the special care of the conspirators, who immure him in a dark room and set the fool upon him. The latter mimics the voice and language of a curate, and, in a spirit of riotous fun, banters the steward under a simulated purpose of exorcising the evil spirit with which he is plagued, to the infinite delight of the fat knight, his lean gull, and the arch-eyed chambermaid, who are like to die with "inextinguishable laughter," indifferently well subdued.

"Body o'me!" exclaimed the King, laughing so lustily at the clever nonsense spoken by the stage clown, that an earthquake on a small scale appeared to be heaving beneath his quilted vest, "yon fule hath a sharper wit than your ain self, Archie."

"Troth, Sire," rejoined the privileged jester, thus addressed, "I am not the only fool in this good company that hath a double on the stage," and his quick twinkling eyes were turned towards the spot where Mr. Arthur Massinger was standing, who understood the allusion and resented it with a glance of angry scorn.

"Nay, man," observed the fool, "ne'er take it amiss that thou and I should be thus uncivilly haled upon the stage. 'Art any more than a steward?' as yonder knave saith. 'Dost thou think because *thou* art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?' By my soul, I think it an excellent jest. I had as lief have written it," he added, dropping his voice to a malicious whisper, "as to be jester, by the grace of Solomon, to the wisest fool in Christendom."

The latter part of the observation was unheard by the royal personage to whom it irreverently referred, for the Earl of Pembroke with a thoughtful consideration for the feelings of his steward, and to prevent a repetition of the jester's sarcasms, sent Massinger from the hall on some domestic errand, and the trifling disturbance, thus excited, overpowered the jester's voice.

Returning to the progress of the play, we find the roystering knight presenting the challenge to the page, and bringing about a martial encounter between the challenger and the respondent, both of whom are horribly afraid, but assume a show of valour very foreign to their hearts. Concurrently with these mirth-moving incidents, fortune has cast upon that territory the twin-brother and personal counterpart

of the timid page, who, afterwards encountering with the foolish gentleman, is assaulted by him in mistake, and in return, inflicts on him a hearty cudgelling. The lady entering, and believing him to be the page, with whom she is in love, speaks to him in such sooth and winning terms, that he becomes enamoured of her, pledges her the full assurance of his faith, and weds her almost on the instant. Coming from the

church, she is met by the duke, who renews his suit, but finds himself forestalled, and, as it seems, by the faithless page, in whom he had confided as his messenger of love. Fresh complications follow, but anon the mystery clears up. The page is re-united to her brother, assumes her natural garb, and wins the affection of the Duke. Parting glimpses are obtained

of the drunken knight and cudgelled simpleton. The plots, of which the steward was the victim, are explained, and the comedy (so meagrely outlined above), which abounds with exquisite poetry, and overflows with genial wit and boisterous merriment, closes with a quaint song, quaintly carolled by the quaintly-spoken clown.

So exuberant was the King's delight with the play which had been thus brought to a close, that he enquired if the author of it were among the players by whom it had been performed, and the Earl of Pembroke, replying in the affirmative, was commissioned to introduce him to the monarch, in order that he might receive in person the royal commendation of his comedy. The mission was cheerfully performed, and the Earl, disappearing behind the curtain which had now been drawn across the temporary stage, soon emerged again, leading the dramatist by the hand. He was a man on whose face Nature had legibly written "nobleman." In figure scarcely above the middle height, in age verging upon forty years, plain of attire, and unassuming in demeanour, there was a grandeur in his head and face which seemed to intimate affinity with the demigods of old mythology. Principally, perhaps, this natural regality was to be found in the high and massive forehead, slightly bald, which rose up, like a tower, above finely arched brows, flexible as a bow, and a pair of hazel eyes, soft, full, and wonderfully expressive of every—even the most transient—emotion of the mind which looked upon you from their calm depths. His mouth was also remarkably beautiful,—perhaps it would have been

effeminately so, but for the trim moustache and peaked beard, which gave it a more pronounced and masculine character. As he knelt before the monarch, and, with a modest gravity, bowed his acknowledgments to praises pedantically worded, and spoken in a broad Scotch dialect, an indifferent spectator, contrasting the loutish and malformed figure of the King with the poor player's native nobility of aspect, would have been impressed with a sense of the infinite superiority of inherent, over accidental, greatness.

Do we need to add, that the play thus presented to the Earl of Pembroke's royal guest was the comedy of "*Twelfth Night*," and that the dramatist who knelt before the King was WILLIAM SHAKSPERE?

No wonder that eighteen years afterwards (on *Sunday*, Augt. 26, 1621), the King grew weary of the performance, at Woodstock, of Barten Holyday's ponderous comedy of "*The Marriage of Arts*," notwithstanding the principal characters were sustained by learned Divines, two of whom were afterwards elevated to bishoprics;—*viz.*, Dr. George Morley, successively Bishop of Worcester and Winchester, and Dr. Francis Hyde, Bishop of Salisbury.

In July, 1620, James was again at Wilton, and on this occasion rode over to Stonehenge for the purpose of inspecting that immense enigma. The English Solomon, however, was not adequate to its solution, and "I was sent for," writes Inigo Jones, "and received his Majestie's commands to produce out of mine own practise in architecture and experience in antiquities abroad, what possibly I could discover concerning this of Stoneheng." Jones's essay, and the untenable theory upon which it was based, will be familiar to most of our readers.

On the 7th of August, 1623, the King knighted, at Wilton House, Sir Thomas Morgan and Sir Henry Herbert; the latter was sixth brother of the first Lord Herbert of Cherbury; was for fifty years Master of the Revels, and survived the Restoration of Charles the Second. On the following day, at Salisbury, he conferred a similar honour on Sir John Evelyn, Sir Thomas Sadler (proprietor of the "King's House," in the Close), Sir Miles Hobart, Sir Augustus Sotherton, and Sir William Brown.

In 1627 the Plague broke out with deadly virulence in Salisbury, and it was found necessary to transfer the market from that city to Wilton. It would be difficult to exaggerate the panic, debauchery, recklessness, and inhuman apathy to suffering, to which this terrible calamity gave rise. The Clergy retreated to the Close, and endeavoured to isolate themselves from the infection which was spreading itself throughout the town. The better sort of people fled in terror, and such of the tradesmen as possessed a sufficient store of provisions, shut themselves up in their houses, as though they were so many well-victualled garrisons. Few people were to be met with in the streets, and those that were abroad carefully avoided contact with each other. The sound of the church-going bell was no longer heard: chains were stretched across several of the streets, and a cordon was drawn around the outskirts of the city to prevent any, but those who were authorized, from entering in or passing out of its infected limits. The dead were first plundered by the watchers, who thus furnished themselves with the means of riotous excess, and were then carelessly buried, without the solemnities of religion or the most ordinary manifestations of grief. Fortunately, the

self-denying zeal, public spirit, and philanthropy of the Mayor of Salisbury enabled him to cope with the emergency, and he devised and vigorously carried out arrangements which secured to the city that adequate supply of provisions, which they might otherwise have been debarred from obtaining. The inhabitants of Wilton were the principal purveyors to the wants of the citizens of Salisbury. Their mutual dealings were carried on with the same cautious abstinence from personal contact, which marks the intercourse of the inhabitants of a port under quarantine, with the passengers of a vessel which is compromised; and tradition still points to a mossy grey stone on the road side between West Harnham and Netherhampton, as the spot whereat all the commercial dealings between the two places were transacted—the only surviving memorial of occurrences, which, if related in all their minuteness of detail, would be not less romantic than those recorded by Defoe, Boccaccio, and Manzoni.

Charles the First, according to Aubrey, "did love Wilton above all places, and came thither every summer;" and the antiquary adds, that the monarch had so especial an affection for the "excellent troutes" to be met with in a stream about a mile above Broad Chalke, that "the Earle of Pembroke was wont to send for these troutes for his Majesties eating."

With the face of this unfortunate but infatuated monarch, every reader is familar from childhood. His errors and misfortunes, the strength of his domestic affections and the weakness of his judgment, his adversities and melancholy death, have invested every portrait of him with a tragic interest, and the imagination of the visitor as he traverses the park and grounds

of Wilton will readily conjure up the face and figure of the ill-starred king,—that face so remarkable for its mournful beauty; and that figure set off to such advantage by the picturesque costume which Vandyck has immortalized. Nor will it lessen the interesting character of the association thus established between Wilton and this royal personage, to call to mind the fact, that, on the outbreak of hostilities between the king and parliament, the Earl of Pembroke (brother and successor to Charles's noble host) allied himself with the popular party, and on two occasions was brought into personal contact with the monarch, under circumstances widely different from those which characterised the intercourse of the king with the deceased brother of the new Earl.

On the first occasion (in March, 1642), the Earl of Pembroke was one of the two "revolted courtiers" who were charged with the delivery of the memorable Declaration of Parliament to the King, and he took that opportunity of warmly pressing the point concerning the militia, urging the expediency of conceding it were it only "for a time." The wrong-headedness of the King was manifested in his reply, "No, by God!" he exclaimed, "not for an hour. You have asked that of me that was never asked of any King, and with which I will not trust my wife and children."

On the second occasion (in January 1647), the Earl of Pembroke was one of the nine Commissioners appointed to receive the person of the King from the Scottish Commissioners at Newcastle. "Charles," we are told, "affected to be pleased with the change: he talked courteously, and even cheerfully, to the Earl and the other Commissioners, telling them he was well pleased to part from the Scots, and to come nearer to

the Parliament." But this is somewhat at variance with the exclamation, " I am bought and sold," which he is alleged to have uttered when he first learned that the Scottish Parliament had formally consented to the delivery of his person.

Though the Earl of Pembroke was among the warmest supporters of the Parliamentary cause, the sympathies of the Wiltshire country gentlemen, their tenantry, and friends, were almost exclusively arrayed upon the side of Charles. The corporation and citizens of Salisbury, on the other hand, were mainly republican; and they did the Earl of Pembroke " yeoman's service," by organizing a body of men to guard his person, "and to assist him" (we quote from Hatcher's *History of Sarum)*, " against all such as should endeavour to put in execution the illegal Commission of Array, and subvert the fundamental laws of the kingdom. They had, soon afterwards (1643), an opportunity of realizing their professions; for Wilton House being menaced by a party of the royal cavalry, they hastened to the relief of its inmates, and not only prevented the intended plunder of the mansion, but drove the aggressors beyond the limits of the county."

It does not appear that Cromwell was ever at Wilton. We meet with him at Wallop, at Salisbury, and at Longford House, but cannot learn that he ever visited the mansion of the Earl of Pembroke, which apparently served the purpose of a fortified post or military depôt during the struggle between the Royalists and Parliamentarians.

Prince Maurice was quartered here in October, 1644, and in 1646, Fairfax paid a visit to the Princess Henrietta, at Wilton House, where she was at that

time staying under the surveillance of the Earl of Pembroke, before her removal to Richmond.

Having already exceeded the limits allotted to this portion of our work, and arrived at a period of time when the "Associations" connected with Wilton cease to be invested with the charm of antiquity, we shall pass on to give some biographical notices of the noble family who have occupied the mansion during the last three centuries.

Chapter the Ninth.

THE PEMBROKE FAMILY.

"The name of Pembroke," observes Mr. J. B. Burke, in his Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, "like the scutcheons and monuments in some time-honoured cathedral, cannot fail to awaken a thousand glorious recollections in the bosoms of all who are but tolerably read in English chronicle. Sound it, and no trumpet of ancient or modern chivalry would peal a higher war-note. It is almost superfluous to repeat, that this is the family of which it has been so finely said, that 'all the men were brave, and all the women chaste;' and what nobler record was ever engraved upon the tomb of departed greatness? Yet the worth of this illustrious house stands upon a surer base than monument of stone, or brass inscription, for stone will moulder, and characters though written on brass may become illegible, but when will time be able to efface from memory Ben Jonson's exquisite epitaph upon the Countess of Pembroke, for whom Sir Philip Sidney wrote his *Arcadia*, and who died at a ripe old age in 1621?

> 'Underneath this sable herse,
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
> Death, ere thou hast slain another,
> Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee.'"

WILLIAM HERBERT, *First Earl of Pembroke*, by fresh creation, enjoyed the distinguished favour of

four successive sovereigns. Besides the possessions of the dissolved Monastery, he received the honour of Knighthood at the hands of Henry the Eighth, to whom, indeed, he was related by marriage, having espoused Anne, sister to Katharine Parr, Henry's last wife. He was also appointed executor or "conservator" to the King's will, and shared with blunt Sir Anthony Denny the honour of riding to Windsor in the chariot with the royal corpse, when Henry's ashes were committed to their final resting place. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Sir William was elevated to the peerage, being advanced first to the dignity of a Baron (Herbert of Cardiff), and then to an earldom, that of Pembroke. A few months afterwards, death deprived him of his first wife, of whose sumptuous funeral Strype has left us the following account:—"On the 28th of February (1551), was buried the noble Lady Countess of Pembroke, and sister to the late Queen Catherin. She died at Baynard's Castle, and was carried into St. Paul's in this order: first, there went an hundred poor men and women in mantle freez gowns; next followed the heralds, and then the corse, about which were eight bannerols of armes; then came the mourners, lords, knights, and gentlemen; after them, the ladies and gentlewomen mourners, to the number of 200 in all; next came in coats 200 of her own, and other servants. She was interred by the tomb of the Duke of Lancaster, and after, her banners were set up over her, and her armes set on divers pillars."

In token of the splendour in which the Earl lived, a writer of that period informs us, that in the year 1553 he rode into London to his mansion at Baynard's Castle, with 300 horse in his retinue, wherefore 100

of them were gentlemen, in plain blue cloth, with chains of gold, and badges of a dragon (wyvern) on their sleeves.

We are further informed by Camden, that, in the reign of Mary, the Earl commanded the Queen's forces against Wyat; was General of the English Army at St. Quintin's, Lord President of Wales, and twice Governor of Calais. In the reign of Elizabeth he was made Great Master of the Household, but temporarily forfeited the favour of the Queen, in consequence of his having been one of the chief promoters of Norfolk's marriage with the Queen of Scots.

The Earl died on the 17th of March, 1569-70, and was interred by the side of his first wife, in the Cathedral of St. Paul. Stowe records, that "the blacks given at his burial came to the value of £2000."

HENRY, *Second Earl of Pembroke* (son of the last named Earl) was thrice married; (1) to Catherine, daughter of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, from whom he was afterwards divorced; (2) to Catherine, daughter of George, Earl of Shrewsbury; and (3) to Mary, daughter of Sir Henry Sidney. This lady was granddaughter of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, niece to Robert, Earl of Leicester, and sister to Sir Philip Sidney. Her virtues and accomplishments were the favourite theme of contemporary poets. Her mental acquirements were not less solid than varied, and she united to the possession of a vigorous understanding an imagination scarcely less fervid than her brother's. Like him, she was addicted to verse, published an English translation of "The Tragedie of Antonie," and, according to Aubrey, wrote "many or most of the verses in the Arcadia." A MS. poem of her composition is said to remain inedited and un-

published among the Harleian papers; but, judging from the specimens of her poetry which have struggled into print, and which are known to be authentic, it is questionable whether the publication of her works would increase the fame of one whom Spenser has designated as

> "The gentlest shepherd that liv'd that day,
> And most resembling, both in shape and spirit,
> Her brother dear."

Aubrey asserts that "Her Honour's genius lay as much towards chymistrie as poetrie;" and that "the learned Dr. Mouffett, that wrote of insects and of meates, had a pension hence."

In an age of adulation, she was made the subject of extravagant praise both by poets and poetasters, but her strongest title to the affectionate respect of pos-

terity, was the possession of those pure and excellent qualities of the heart, for which she was so tenderly beloved by her brother, and so quaintly immortalised by the writer of the hacknied epitaph quoted at the commencement of the present chapter;—an epitaph which has been erroneously attributed to Ben Jonson, but which was, in point of fact, written by William Browne, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals."

The second Earl of Pembroke died at Wilton on the 19th of January, 1600–1, and was buried in Salisbury Cathedral. His widow, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," survived him upwards of twenty years, and died at an advanced age at her house in Aldersgate-street, in 1621: her remains were removed to Salisbury, and were placed near those of her husband in the family vault in the cathedral.

WILLIAM, *Third Earl of Pembroke*, eldest son of the lady just alluded to, succeeded to the title on the decease of his father. "He was of a most noble person," says Aubrey, "and the glory of the Court in the reignes of King James and King Charles. He was handsome, and of an admirable presence—

'Gratior et pulchro veniens a corpore virtus.'

He was the greatest Mecænas to learned men of any peer of his time or since. He was very generous and open-handed. He gave a noble collection of choice bookes and manuscripts to the Bodlœan Library at Oxford, which remain there as an honourable monument of his munificence. 'Twas thought had he not been suddenly snatch't away by death, to the grief of all learned and good men, that he would have been a great benefactor to Pembroke Colledge in Oxford, whereas there remains only from him a great piece of

plate that he gave there. He was a good scholar and delighted in poetrie; and did sometimes, for his diversion, write some sonnets and epigrammes, which deserve commendation. Some of them are in print in a little book in 8vo., intituled 'Poems writt by William Earle of Pembroke, and Sir Benjamin Ruddyer, Knight, 1660.' "

Of the part he bore in making additions to and increasing the magnificence of Wilton House and grounds we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. He was made a Knight of the Garter in 1603; appointed Governor of Portsmouth in 1610; elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford and Lord Chamberlain in 1618; and honoured with the wardenship of all the forests south of the Trent, as also of the Stannaries in 1630.

Aubrey, after mentioning that " tilting was much used at Wilton in the times of Henry Earle of Pembroke and Sir Philip Sidney," goes on to say "At the solemnisation of the great wedding of William, the second Earle of Pembroke, to one of the co-heires of the Earle of Shrewsbury, here was an extraordinary shew; at which time a great many of the nobility and gentry exercised, and they had shields of pasteboard painted with their devices and emblemes, which were very pretty and ingenious. There are some of them hanging in some houses at Wilton to this day, but I did not remember many more. Most, or all of them, had relation to marriage. I believe most of them were contrived by Sir Philip Sidney."

Aubrey estimated the revenue of this Earl at " thirty thousand pounds per annum, and, as the revenue was great, so the greatnesse of his retinue and hospitality was answerable. One hundred and

twenty family uprising and down-lying, whereof you may take out six or seven, and all the rest servants and retayners."

This certainly impresses one with an imposing idea of the magnificent state in which this nobleman lived, as well as of the extensive resources of an establishment capable of housing so numerous a retinue.

The subject of our present notice was the hero of the following narrative. The outlines of the story are to be found in a letter from Sir Thomas Coke to the Countess of Shrewsbury, preserved in the Talbot papers; and it has been cast into the present form by Mr. Burke, in the "Anecdotes" previously quoted:—

It fell out one evening that Lord Pembroke was playing at cards with Sir George Wharton, the eldest son of Philip, third Lord Wharton, a young gentleman of whom we should have formed no very exalted notion but for this intimacy. Some dispute arose with regard to the game, in the course of which Sir George evinced so much bad temper that his lordship thought fit to decline playing with him any longer.

"Sir George," he said, "I have loved you long, and desire still to do so; but by your manner in playing you lay it upon me either to leave to love you, or to leave to play with you; wherefore choosing to love you still, I will never play with you more."

The business thus ended to all outward appearance for the present, but it seems to have rankled deeply in the mind of him, who, fairly speaking, must be considered the aggressor.

The next day they were both out hunting with the King, when Sir George suddenly came up with the Earl's page as he was galloping after his master, and lashed him over the face with his rod. The boy natu-

rally informed his master of the way in which he had been handled, and his lordship upon a strict examination finding he had done nothing to provoke it, rode up to Sir George and demanded the reason of such conduct.

"I meant nothing towards your lordship," he replied.

"I ask not *that*," said the Earl; "but what the cause was why you did strike the boy?"

"I did not strike him," said Sir George.

"Then I am satisfied," replied Pembroke.

"God's blood!" exclaimed the knight, "I say it not to satisfy you."

"But, sir, whoso striketh my boy without cause shall give me account of it."

"You are a fool," said Sir George.

"You lie in your throat," retorted the Earl, now fully incensed; but the Duke of Lenox, the Earl of Mar, and others coming up, the conversation was broken off for the moment, and Pembroke rode off with them to rejoin the hunt.

Wharton brooded over his imaginary wrongs for a few moments in sullen silence, when, unable any longer to restrain himself, he dashed after the Earl at full gallop. He was seen, and his intention perfectly understood by Lord Montgomery, who immediately cried out, "Brother, take heed: you will be stricken." The Earl instantly turned round at the warning, and dealt his antagonist a hearty buffet in the face that he nearly fell back on the horse's crupper. But again the presence of so many strangers prevented the affair from coming to a final issue.

When the stag was killed in Bagshot town, Sir George took the opportunity to deliver a written

challenge to the Earl, who soon afterwards sent him the measure of his sword by Sir John Lee. Before, however, the affair could be brought to a bloody arbitrement it came to the ears of King James, and he being constitutionally averse to everything in the shape of a brawl, immediately commanded the belligerents to his presence. With some ado, and by the help of Touchstone's IF, he contrived to patch up a peace between them—"*If*," said the Earl, "Sir George will confess that he did not intend to offend me at the time, I will acknowledge that I am sorry I have stricken him."

As Touchstone sagely remarks, "your IF is the only peacemaker; much virtue in an IF."

But although Wharton thus escaped for the present, it was written in the book of fate that he should not die in his bed. In the November of the following year he was slain in a duel, upon a trifling punctilio, by his friend, Sir James Stuart, the Master of Blantyre, who himself fell mortally wounded at the same time.

Clarendon's summary of ~~this nobleman's~~ character is as follows: "He was the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age; and having a great office in the Court, he made the Court itself better esteem'd, and more reverenced in the Country. And as he had a great number of the friends of the best men, so no man had ever the confidence to avow himself to be his enemy. He was a man very well bred, and of excellent parts, and a graceful speaker upon any subject, having a good proportion of learning and a ready wit to apply it, and enlarge upon it: of a pleasant and facetious humour, and a disposition affable, generous, and magnificent. He was master of a great fortune from his ancestors, and had a great

addition by his wife, another daughter and heir of the Earl of Shrewsbury, which he enjoyed during his life, she outliving him; but all served not his expence, which was only limited by his great mind, and occasions to use it nobly.

"He lived many years about the Court, before in it, and never by it: being rather regarded and esteemed by King James than loved and favoured.

After the foul fall of the Earl of Somerset, he was made Lord Chamberlain of the King's house, more for the Court's sake, than his own; and the Court appeared with the more lustre, because he had the government of that province. As he spent and lived upon his own fortune, so he stood upon his own feet, without any other support than that of his proper virtue and merit; and lived towards the Favourites with that decency, as would not suffer them to censure

or reproach his master's judgment and election, but as with men of his own rank. He was exceedingly beloved in the Court, because he never desired to get that for himself which others laboured for, but was still ready to promote the pretences of worthy men. And he was equally celebrated in the country, for having received no obligations from the Court which might corrupt or sway his affections and judgment; so that all who were displeased and unsatisfied in the Court, or with the Court, were always inclined to put themselves under his banner, if he would have admitted them; and yet he did not so reject them, as to make them choose another shelter, but so far suffered them to depend on him, that he could restrain them from breaking out beyond private resentments and murmurs.

"He was a great lover of his country, and of the religion and justice which he believed could only support it; and his friendships were only with men of those principles. And as his conversation was most with men of the most pregnant parts, and understanding, so towards any such, who needed support or encouragement, though unknown, if fairly recommended to him, he was very liberal. Sure never man was planted in a Court, that was fitter for that soil, or brought better qualities with him to purify that air.

"Yet his memory must not be flattered, that his virtues and good inclinations may be believed; he was not without some allay of vice, and without being clouded with great infirmities, which he had in too exorbitant a proportion. He indulged to himself the pleasures of all kinds, almost to all excesses. To women, whether out of his natural constitution, or for

want of his domestic content and delight, (in which he was most unhappy, for he paid much too dear for his wife's fortune, by taking her person into the bargain) he was immoderately given up. But therein he likewise retained such a power and jurisdiction over his very appetite, that he was not so much transported with beauty and outward allurements, as with those advantages of the mind, as manifested an extraordinary wit, and spirit, and knowledge, and administered great pleasure in the conversation. To these he sacrificed himself, his precious time, and much of his fortune. And some, who were nearest his trust and friendship, were not without apprehension, that his natural vivacity, and vigour of mind, begun to lessen and decline by those excessive indulgencies.

"About the time of the death of King James, or presently after, he was made Lord Steward of His Majesty's house; that the staff of Chamberlain might be put into the hands of his brother, the Earl of Montgomery, upon a new contract of friendship with the Duke of Buckingham; after whose death, he had likewise such offices of his as he most affected, of honour and command; none of profit, which he cared not for; and within two years after, he died himself of an apoplexy, after a full and cheerful supper.

"A short story may not be unfitly inserted, it being very frequently mentioned by a person of known integrity, whose character is here undertaken to be set down, and who, at that time, being on his way to London, met at Maidenhead some persons of quality, of relation or dependence upon the Earl of Pembroke (Sir Charles Morgan, commonly called General Morgan, who had commanded an army in Germany, and defended Stoad; Dr. Feild, then Bishop of St. David's;

and Dr. Chafin, the Earl's then Chaplain in his house, and much in his favour). At supper one of them drank a health to the Lord Steward: upon which another of them said, 'That he believed his Lord was at that time very merry, for he had now outlived the day, which his tutor Sandford had prognosticated upon his nativity he would not outlive; but he had done it now, for that was his birth-day, which had completed his age to fifty years.' The next morning, by the time they came to Colebrook, they met with the news of his death.

"He died exceedingly lamented by men of all qualities, and left many of his servants and dependents owners of good estates, raised out of his employments, and bounty. Nor had his heir cause to complain. For though his expenses had been very magnificent (and it may be the less considered, and his providence the less, because he had no child to inherit) insomuch as he left a great debt charged upon the estate; yet considering the wealth he left in jewels, plate, and furniture, and the estate his brother enjoyed in right of his wife (who was not fit to manage it herself) during her long life, he may be justly said to have inherited as good an estate from him, as he had from his father, which was one of the best in England."

In reference to the sudden death of the Earl above referred to, we find the following anecdote in *Granger:* "When his body was opened, in order to be embalmed, he was observed, immediately after the incision was made, to lift up his hand. This remarkable circumstance, compared with Lord Clarendon's account of his sudden death, affords a strong presumptive proof that his distemper was an apoplexy. This anecdote may be depended on as a fact, as it was told

by a descendant of the Pembroke family, who had often heard it related."

Before quitting, however, the picture gallery which Clarendon has set up at the vestibule of his great work, we must introduce the reader to a second family portrait, painted by the same master.

PHILIP, Earl of Montgomery, who became *Fourth Earl of Pembroke* on the decease of his brother, is thus pourtrayed:

"Being a young man, scarce of age at the entrance of King James, he had the good fortune by the comeliness of his person, his skill and indefatigable industry in hunting, to be the first who drew the King's eyes towards him with affection; which was quickly so far improved, that he had the reputation of a favourite. Before the end of the first, or second year, he was made Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber, and Earl of Montgomery; which did the King no harm: for besides that he received the King's bounty with more moderation than other men, who succeeded him; he was generally known, and as generally esteemed; being the son of one Earl of Pembroke, and younger brother to another, who liberally supplied his expense, beyond what his annuity from his father would bear.

"He pretended to no other qualifications, than to understand horses and dogs very well, which his master loved him the better for (being, at his first coming into England, very jealous of those who had the reputation of great parts), and to be believed honest and generous, which made him many friends,

and left him then no enemy. He had not sat many years in that sun-shine, when a new comet appeared in court, Robert Carr, a Scots-man, quickly after declared favourite; upon whom the King no sooner fixed his eyes, but the Earl, without the least murmur, or indisposition, left all doors open for his entrance (a rare temper! and it could proceed from nothing but his great perfection in loving field-sports) which the King received as so great an obligation, that he always loved him in the second place, and commended him to his son at his death, as a man to be relied on in point of honesty and fidelity; though it appeared afterwards, that he was not strongly built nor had sufficient ballast to endure a storm; of which more will be said hereafter."

While this nobleman (at that time plain Sir Philip Herbert) was basking in the full sunshine of royal favour, he was united in marriage to Susan, daughter of Edward, Earl of Oxford. Some curious particulars of the bridal are to be met with in a contemporary letter, which deserves to be transcribed on account of the light it throws on the manners of the Court at that particular period. Early in January (1604) Sir Dudley Carleton writes thus to Mr. Winwood :—

"On St. John's day, we had the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan performed at Whitehall, with all the honour that could be done a great favourite. The Court was great; and for the day put on the best bravery. The Prince and Duke of Holst led the Bride to Church; the Queen followed her from thence. The King gave her; and she in her tresses and trinkets brided and bridled it so handsomely, and indeed became herself so well, that the King said, 'if he were unmarried, he would not give

her but keep her himself.' The marriage dinner was kept in the great chamber, where the Prince and the Duke of Holst and the great Lords and Ladies accompanied the bride. The Ambassador of Venice was the only bidden guest of strangers, and he had place above the Duke of Holst, which the Duke took not well. But after dinner he was as little pleased himself, for, being brought into the closet to retire himself, he was then suffered to walk out, his supper unthought of. At night there was a Mask in the hall, which for concert and fashion was suitable to the occasion. The Actors were the Earl of Pembroke, the Lord Willoughby, Sir Samuel Hays, Sir Thomas Germain, Sir Robert Carey, Sir John Lee, Sir Richard Preston, and Sir Thomas Bager. There was no small loss that night of chains and jewells, and many great Ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were very well served that they could keep cut no better. The presents of plate and other things given by the Noblemen were valued at £2500; but that which made it a good marriage was a gift of the King's of £500 land, for the bride's jointure. They were lodged in the Council Chamber, where the King, in his shirt and night-gown, gave them a *reveille matin*, before they were up. . . . . No ceremony was omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, and gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the Court; and at night there was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, with many other petty sorceries.

"New Year's-day passed without any solemnity, and the exorbitant gifts that were wont to be used at that time are so far laid by that the accustomed present of the purse of gold was hard to be had without asking.

The next day the King plaid in the Presence; and as good or ill luck comes seldom alone, the Bridegroom, that threw for the King, had the good fortune to win £1000, which he had for his pains; the greatest part was lost by my Lord of Cranborne."

The conspicuous part which the fourth Earl of Pembroke played in the disorders preceding the establishment of the Commonwealth must be familiar to all who have consulted the histories which treat of that turbulent period. In the year 1549, he came forward as a candidate for the representation of the county of Berks, and was stoutly opposed by a freeholder who is spoken of as "a well-affected tanner." The speeches delivered from the hustings by the Earl and his opponent are very rich specimens of blunt oratory; but the sturdy tanner was no match for the eccentric Earl, and we can imagine the former exclaiming in the language of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "An I thought he had been so valiant, and so cunning of fence, I'd have seen him —— ere I'd have challenged him."

"Honest Friends," commenced the tanner, "you that are of the free-born people of this land, (I speak to none else,) and lovers of the army, and the true English interest; all men else have forfeited their freedom. I am full of anguish and trouble for your sakes, when I behold this day. I fear you are in a way to ruin yourselves, unless the Lord be merciful to you. The thing you meet for troubles me not a little. 'Tis to chuse a Knight. Truly I hoped, and I hope we all hoped, to have done making knights by this time. The *thing* you meet to chuse, troubles me more. This fellow that was a Lord—this Pembroke —this Montgomery—this Herbert—this, what shall I call him? Call him what you will, we were promised

a representative to begin in June next, and this Parliament to end the last month; if so, why should we send this fellow thither to make mouths for three weeks, and talk of dogs and hawks? I say, let us have the representative, or we are cheated; but if we must make one knight more, let it not be Pembroke, he is not fit for it. Consider him as a lord, and none of the wisest lords neither; and then consider how many wiser and fitter persons we have for parliament men than ever a lord of them all; and what a brand it will be to us and our country to chuse a lord—such a lord! and, surely, unless you are fools and madmen, you will not chuse him. Again, consider him as a lord; and so he is no freeborn commoner, and so not capable of our election. Is there not an act against kings and lords? If there is, then let us have no lords, unless you intend to have a king too.

"Let us be wise; we may see a design in this lord as plain as the nose on his face. He was always false; false to the king that loved him; false to the lords that sat eight years with him; and do you not think he will be false to the Commons too? I warrant you. Is not Michael Oldsworth this lord's man, a parliament man? Are not his and other lords' sons parliament men? If he get in too, the time will come when the house of commons will be all lords, and lords' sons, and lords' servants; and then lords will be voted up again; and king be in request again; which if we live to see again, we have spun a fair thread!

"If all this which I have said be true (as it is impossible it should be otherwise), why should we not look on this turncoat lord as a cheat—as one that comes to betray and undo the free-born people—and switch him out of the country?

"I have done. If we must chuse a knight, let him not be a lord. We do not read in all the Scripture of any lord was ever chosen knight of the shire for Berkshire. But rather let us chuse none at all, and unanimously petition the parliament to dissolve, that the representative may succeed; and none but ourselves have any share in the gubernation and government of this Commonwealth."

To this extraordinary harangue, the Earl made a reply, brimfull of arch drollery, heightened no doubt by the tones and gestures of the speaker:—

"Gentlemen,

"It was not the old fashion to make speeches before you chose your knights; but I hope you like it the better for not being old. I am sure I do. Give us old fashions again, and we must have king and lords, our old religion and old laws, and a hundred things older than Adam. I hate anything that's old, except an old man; for Adam was an old man, and so am I, and I hate myself for being an old man; and, therefore, will love you if you'll make me a new knight. The gentleman that spake before me, I know not where to have him. He is an *individuum vagum*. He is angry the representative goes not on —he is angry the parliament goes not off. He is angry I am a lord—he is angry I would be none. He is angry I seek to be your knight—and he would have me of that sort of seekers which neither seek nor find; and he concludes I am not to be chosen, because no free-born commoner. I fear he is a Jesuit by his subtle arguments; but though I have no logic, I hope I have reason to answer him, and satisfy you. I answer I am a *free-born commoner*. All these three words fit me. First,

"*I am 'born*,'--Else how came I hither into the world?

"*I am 'free*.'—My accounts for the last year's expence came to six and twenty thousand pounds—that's fair, you'll say; and when you have chosen me your knight, I'll carry you, every mother's son, the whole county into Wiltshire; and we'll be merry, and hunt and hawk, and I'll be as free as an emperor. So I am free born.

"*I am a 'commoner*.'—Have I been so often at common councils, and common halls, to be accounted no commoner? Are not the lords all turned a grazing? Was not I a common swearer before I went to lectures, and a common sleeper ever since? And am not I chancellor of Oxford, where all are commoners? So I am a commoner.

"*I am no lord*.—If I am, why should I come hither to be a knight of your shire? But though I am a lord, is not Fairfax so? and yet he is a parliament man. And is not Bradshaw lord president? But I am no lord; for I am for the parliament. I am for voting down the house of lords. And to tell you the truth, I never loved the king since he was dead; and those are lords that go in black for him; but I keep my old blue still, and my diamond hat-band, though the crown jewels are sold; therefore you may chuse me well enough.

"*You must chuse me:* Why came I hither else? Why did Cromwell bid me come hither, and I bid my steward to come hither to lay in provision and gather voices? If my steward's bill be right, every throat that votes for me costs twenty pounds.

"Chuse me, if you would have a representative. I, that have been lord of Pembroke and Montgomery, two counties, may well represent one.

"Chuse me, if you would have no representative, for I'll do and vote what you list; and so, chusing me, you chuse yourselves: so that whether you have a representative or no, the best way is to chuse me.

"But let me tell you by the way, now the parliament has fallen into the happy way of making acts of parliament, let them continue. This is one of the advantages you have by losing the king. You may have an act of parliament for what you please; and that's better than an ordinance, and lasts longer; for an ordinance of parliament was good no longer than this parliament, which, though it last for ever, an act lasts longer, because that lasts for ever, whether the parliament lasts or no.

"*For my religion*,—Who questions it? I never changed it: I was for bishops when there were bishops, and I was for visitors when there were none! It is well known I am an independent, and had been so twenty years ago, had it not been for Michael Oldsworth, and will be as long as the parliament please. I have been an old courtier, and that's an old court, and the highest court; and old courtiers always love to follow new fashions. That religion is in fashion now.

"I am chancellor of Oxford, which is hard by; therefore chuse me. Some of you have sons and cousins there; all that are akin to any that give their votes for me, shall be heads of colleges, and canons of Christ Church, though there be a hundred of them: the rest of you shall have the leases of all the university lands amongst you. What! am I not chancellor?

"The place I stand for, is knight of the shire; none but kings can make knights: make me your

knight—you are all kings, and it will be an honour to me, and to my posterity, to have it recorded that I was knighted by so many kings.

"I know now you cannot but chuse me: I knew so before I came hither; and therefore I thank you before-hand and invite you home.

"I will conclude with that very exordium (?) wherewith a famous gentleman, that was of this parliament, concluded his speech upon the like occasion—'Behold your knight!'"

Is it necessary to add that the Earl was returned?

Philip's second wife was Anne, daughter of George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, and widow of Richard, third Earl of Dorset. Deriving the most important part of her education from the poet Daniel, she acquired in early life that taste for history and poetry, which never forsook her, and in the cultivation of which she found some compensation for the happiness denied her in both her marriages. Her own testimony on this point is as follows:—"The marble pillars of Knowle, in Kent, and Wilton, in Wiltshire, were to me oftentimes but the gay arbours of anguish; insomuch as a wise man, that knew the insides of my fortune, would often say that I lived in both these my lords' great families as the river Roan or Rhodanus, runs through the lake of Geneva without mingling any part of its streams with that lake; for I gave myself wholly to retiredness as much as I could in both these great families, and made good books and virtuous thoughts my companions, which can never discern affliction, nor be daunted when it unjustly happens; and by a happy genius I overcame all those troubles, the prayers of my blessed mother helping me therein."

The same "True Memorial" supplies us with her self-drawn portraiture. "I was," says she, "very happy in my first constitution, both in mind and body; both for internal and external endowments; for never was there a child more equally resembling both father and mother than myself. The colour of mine eyes was black, like my father's, and the form and aspect of them was quick and lively, like my mother's. The hair of my head was brown, and very thick, and so long that it reached to the calf of my legs when I stood upright; with a peak of hair on my forehead, and a dimple on my chin; like my father, full cheeks; and round face like my mother; and an exquisite shape of body, resembling my father. But now time and age have long since ended all those beauties, which are to be compared to the grass of the field: (Isaiah, xl. 67, 68; 1 Peter, i. 24:) For now, when I caused these memorables of myself to be written, I have passed the sixty-third year of my age. And, though I say it, the perfections of my mind were much above those of my body: I had a strong and copious memory; a sound judgment, and a discerning spirit; and so much of a strong imagination in me, as at many times even my dreams and apprehensions proved to be true, &c. &c."

On the death of her second husband (from whom she had been previously separated) she retired to her northern estates, and freely indulged the native benevolence and munificence of her disposition; alleviating, by her charitable expenditure, the pangs of poverty; instructing ignorance, encouraging morality, and recommending piety by the force of her own pure example. The opulent also experienced the delicate bounty of which she was so lavish to the poor.

At seventy years of age, she seemed to commence the career of a second life. She rebuilt the parish church and castle of Skipton and five other ruinous castles and mansions of her ancestors; also the church at Bongate, near Appleby, the neighbouring chapels of Brougham, Ninekirke, and Mallerstang, and the greater part of the church of Appleby. In the latter town she reared a statue to the memory of her beloved mother, and founded and liberally endowed a hospital for thirteen widows; erected a monument to the memory of her father at Skipton, another to the memory of Spenser in Westminster Abbey, another to the memory of her tutor Daniel, at Beckingham, in Somersetshire, and reared a stately obelisk on the "Maiden Way" in Westmoreland, to mark the spot where for the last time she parted from her mother. The latter memorial still stands on the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, and bears the following inscription:—

"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c., for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of £4 to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. *Laus Deo!*"

Wordsworth's beautiful sonnet naturally recurs to mind in connection with every mention of so touching a tribute of filial affection:

"While the Poor gather round, till the end of time
May this bright flower of Charity display
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime

Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's purest clime!
'Charity never faileth,' on that creed,
More than on written testament or deed,
The pious Lady built with hope sublime.
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever!*
'LAUS DEO.' Many a stranger passing by
Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its humane Memorial's fond endeavour;
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,
Has ended, though no Clerk, with 'GOD be praised!' "

"But it is still more to her honour," observes Dr. Whitaker, in his History of Craven, "that she patronized the poets of her youth, and the distressed loyalists of her maturer age; that she enabled her aged servants to end their lives in ease and independence; and, above all, that she educated and portioned the illegitimate children of her first husband, the Earl of Dorset. Removing from Castle to Castle, she diffused plenty and happiness around her, by consuming on the spot the produce of her vast domains in hospitality and charity. Equally remote from the undistinguishing profusion of ancient times, and the parsimonious elegance of modern habits, her house was a school for the young, and a retreat for the aged; an asylum for the persecuted, a college for the learned, and a pattern for all."

An anecdote is told of this lady which unfortunately requires authentication, but is too good to be omitted. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*

Sir Joseph Williamson, the story runs, wrote to her ladyship, presumptuously recommending her a candidate for the borough of Appleby. The answer attributed to her is this:—

"I have been bullied by an Usurper; I have been

neglected by a Court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man sha'nt stand.

"ANNE DORSET, PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERY."

She often sat as Sheriffess for the county of Westmoreland, but uniformly declined to appear at Court, after the restoration of the Stuarts, on the plea "that if she went, she must have a pair of blinkers, such as her horses had, lest she should see such things as would offend her."

She died at the ripe age of 85,—"christianly, willingly, and quietly," says her epitaph; and was buried in the church of St. Lawrence.

The Bishop of Carlisle preached her funeral sermon, and with his tribute to her memory, we will close this brief memoir of her life.

"She had a clear soul, shining throngh a vivid body. Her body was durable and healthful, her soul sprightful; of great understanding and judgment; faithful memory, and ready wit. She had early gained a knowledge, as of the best things, so an ability to discourse in all commendable arts and sciences, as well as in those things which belong to persons of her birth and sex to know. She could discourse with virtuosos, travellers, scholars, merchants, divines, statesmen, and with good housewives, in any kind; insomuch that a prime and elegant wit, well seen in human learning (Dr. Donne) is reported to have said of her that she knew well how to discourse of all things, from predestination down to slea-silk. If she had sought fame rather than wisdom, possibly she might have been ranked among those wits, and learned of that sex, of whom Pythagoras, or Plutarch, or any of the ancients, have made such honourable mention: but she affected rather to study those noble Bereans,

and those honourable women, who searched the Scriptures daily; and with Mary, she chose the better part, of learning the doctrine of Christ."

PHILIP, *Fifth Earl of Pembroke*, was the fourth son of the last named Earl. He was twice married, (1) to Penelope, sole daughter and heir of Sir Robert Naunton, Knight; and (2) to Catherine, daughter of Sir William Villiers, Bart. The Earl received the honour of a visit from Cosmo de Medicis, while travelling in England A. D. 1669, and conducted him to Stonehenge, Salisbury, and the other towns of the neighbourhood. Dying in 1669-70, Earl Philip was buried in Salisbury Cathedral, and his title devolved on his eldest son, by the first marriage,

WILLIAM, *Sixth Earl of Pembroke*. He died unmarried in 1674, and was succeeded by his half-brother,

PHILIP, *Seventh Earl of Pembroke*, who in the following year was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Wiltshire, was married to Madame Henrietta de Querouaille, sister to the Duchess of Portsmouth. Dying, without male issue, in 1683, he was succeeded by his younger brother,

THOMAS, *Eighth Earl of Pembroke*, who enjoyed the distinguished favour of three successive sovereigns (William III., Anne, and George I). Sir Richard Hoare gives the following summary of the services he performed, and the honours he enjoyed:—"He levied troops against the Duke of Monmouth in 1685; was made Lord Lieutenant of Wiltshire in 1688; was sent Ambassador to the States General in 1689. He was also sworn of the Privy Council, Colonel of Marines, first Commissioner of the Admiralty, President of the Plenipotentiary at the treaty of Ryswick

in 1697. He was also installed Knight of the Garter in 1700, when he was President of the Council; was seven times one of the Lords Justices, whilst the King was in Holland; and in the last year of his reign was constituted Lord High Admiral of England, Ireland, &c.;" offices which he continued to enjoy during the reigns of the two succeeding monarchs. To this Earl we also owe the collection of statuary at Wilton House, of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

Bishop Burnet says of him—"There was somewhat in his person and manner that created him an universal respect; for we had no man amongst us whom all sides loved and honoured so much as they did him." Noble's portrait of the Earl is also worth transcribing: —"He lived rather as a primitive christian; in his behaviour meek, in his dress plain; rather retired, and conversing but little. His learning was profound, particularly in mathematics; his face was good, his shape but indifferent; he was tall, thin, and stooped."

He was thrice married, and had seven sons and five daughters by his first wife; and one daughter by his second. His third wife survived him. On his decease in 1732-3, he was succeeded by his eldest son,

Henry, *Ninth Earl of Pembroke*, who held many offices of State under George the First. He died on the 9th of January, 1750-1, and was succeeded by his son (at that time in his minority),

Henry, *Tenth Earl of Pembroke*, who "pursued a military career, filled several distinguished offices, and was continued as Custos Rotulorum in Wilts." He married Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles Spencer, Duke of Marlborough, by whom he had issue one son and a daughter. This Earl died on the 26th of January, 1794, and was succeeded by his only son,

GEORGE, *Eleventh Earl of Pembroke*, who, in 1787, married Elizabeth, second daughter of Joseph Beauclerk, fifth son of Charles first Duke of St. Albans. This lady died in 1793, leaving issue, (1) George Herbert, born in 1788, and died in 1793; (2) Robert Henry, the present Earl of Pembroke, born in 1791; (3) Charles, born in 1793, died in 1798; and (4) Diana, born in 1790, married to the Earl of Normanton. His lordship was married in 1808 to Catherine, only daughter of Count Woronzow, by whom he had

The Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P.,

Elizabeth, married to Richard, Earl of Clanwilliam,

Mary Caroline, married to George William, Earl Bruce,

Catherine, married to Alexander Edward, Earl of Dunmore,

Georgiana, married to the Earl of Shelburne, and

Emma, married to the Hon. Thomas Vesey.

His lordship died on the 26th October, 1827, and was succeeded by

ROBERT HENRY, the present Earl.

Burke gives the following as the dates of the several creations:—Baron Herbert of Cardiff, 10 Oct., 1551. Earl of Pembroke, 11 Oct., 1551. Baron Herbert of Shurland and Earl of Montgomery, 4 May, 1605. Baron Ross of Kendall, Parr, Marmion, and St. Quintin, all baronies in fee, inherited through intermarriages.

Chapter the Tenth.

SOME NOTICES OF THE "CHRONICON VILODUNUNSE."

We are indebted to the zeal of Sir Richard Hoare for the publication of this singular metrical legend, of which only one MS. copy was in existence at the period of its being first given to the world in a typographical form. It is conjectured to have been written by one of the Chaplains of the Monastery, about the year 1420, seventy years later than the date commonly assigned to the composition of Piers Plowman's Visions, and seventy years earlier than the writing of the Canterbury Tales. The transition from the alliterative stanza of the former, to the rhymed verses of the latter, seems to have been already perfected before the composition of the poem under notice, which is particularly interesting as a "genuine specimen of the ancient Wiltshire dialect" at the commencement of the 15th Century.

Of a metrical chronicle, extending to the length of nearly 1250 verses, our notices must be necessarily brief, and in the extracts we may have occasion to make from it, we shall take the liberty of slightly modernizing the verse, to render it more intelligible to the general reader.

The poem opens with a solemn invocation to the Trinity for help, speed, and counsel, in the writer's presumptuous undertaking—

> "For I consider, and know well it
> That things which have been long gone past
> Lightly slide from man his wit,
> Unless in story writ or cast."

The first thirty stanzas are devoted to a summary of the doughty achievements of King Egbert, and then the chronicler recites how the monarch came to dwell at Wilton "nine winters long in rest and peace," how, at the entreaty of his sister, he founded a religious house there, died, and was buried at Winchester; how Ethelwolf succeeded to the throne; and how, in his reign, Wilton was "a good town" resorted to by "much people"—possessed of "plenty of victual," and honoured by the presence of the King.

The reigns of Ethelbald and Ethelbert are briefly glanced at, and our chronicler passes on to notice an engagement between King Ethelred and the Danes, in which by the invocation of the Trinity, and hearing of the Mass, victory alighted upon the English arms:—

> By which ensample I may see,
> How gracious it is a mass to hear,
> And, namely, of the Trinity,
> To every worthy King or Bachelére.

On arriving at the 80th stanza, our chronicler appears to have remembered that he had forgotten something. So he brings his narrative to a full stop, carries us back to the commencement of the ninth century, favours us with an account of the original foundation of a religious edifice at Wilton by "Wolstone, Erle of Wylteshyr," recapitulates his allusion to the "Ethels," and arriving at the reign of Alfred, dedicates some seventy stanzas to the glorification of his life and deeds. Alfred's battle with the Danes is graphically told, and an episode is introduced descriptive of the death of the king's grandson, a child three years of age, who had been placed in a bath by the nurse, who, "sore aghast" at the terrors of the battle

and the "cry and sorrow on every side," fled, leaving the infant to perish in the water. In penning the concluding verse, the writer probably had the circumstances of King David's bereavement in his mind:—

> And when this child was thus found dead,
> Right great sorrow was made therefore,
> But when they saw none other redde,
> They thanked GOD, and mourned no more.

Edward's reign is briefly annalized, as also are those of Ethelstan and Edmund. Of the death of the next monarch, Edred, we are told that Dunstan received a prophetic intimation. The king had sent for the saint, who was both his counsellor and confessor, and

> Saint Dunstan hied him then full fast,
> And prayers to GOD for him he said,
> But when the first day's journey past,
> An angel told him he was dead.
>
> As that voice came to Dunstan's ear,
> His horse fell sudden to the ground,
> And eke did straightway perish there
> Without or stroke, or dint, or wound.

St. Dunstan also received very satisfactory information from a similar source, that the soul of Edwy had been saved, through the medium of the Saint's prayers, from the "damnation" to which it had been previously doomed.

Arriving at the reign of Edgar, the thin stream of narrative expands into a broad lake, mirroring everything around it, great or small. The chronicler tells us that when the king was born, Dunstan was apprised of it by an angel, who gave utterance to some very cheerful predictions in reference to the future mo-

narch's reign. Our rhyme-weaver then goes on to tell us of Edgar's personal prowess, and how the King of Scotland undervalued it; and how the former met the latter in a wood, and challenged him to fight; and how the Scottish King replied, "Sir King, fight will I not," and humbly craved for pardon, which was graciously accorded him; and how, Edgar, on another occasion, fell asleep under a tree, upon the margin of a forest, and how (probably owing to indigestion, an uneasy pillow, or a touch of rheumatism) he dreamed mysterious dreams, concerning a greyhound, a lamp, and an apple-tree, which he called upon his mother to interpret, who being a faithful daughter of the church, deduced therefrom some powerful persuasives in behalf of its endowment; and how, travelling from Shaftesbury towards Winchester, he

Came to Wilton at the last,
And a new fair church saw he.

But when he was there upon the Down,
The Church was lusty in his sight,
He thought he would go down to town
And sojourn there all night.

* * * * *

Religious women then dwelt there,
Sacred maids and sisters fair,
Maidens young of book to lere
Welcomed the King with right good cheer.

The King besought of them anon,
To see within that place so fair,
And tread upon the Cloister-stone;—
The maidens meekly grant his prayer.

Unto the cloister him they brought,
Into the fratery entered he,
Him meekly then the maids besought
With them to take his charity.

The king, who, no doubt, found himself in very agreeable company, sat down to table with his fair entertainers, of all of whom, our chronicler perversely asserts he shall not speak a word, except of the young lady who read the lesson, and whose unfortunate lapse from moral rectitude has been duly alluded to in the first chapter of this book :—

For at the lectern sat a maid
And Wulfrith was that maiden's name,
A Baron's daughter sooth was she
And a maid of right good fame.

The maiden read that lesson through
  As the king did sit at meat,
I ween he took good heed thereto,
  For her voice was mild and sweet.

An angel's voice he thought it was
  And fix'd his eyes that maid upon
For all her veil he saw her face
  And ne'er had seen a fairer one.

The king begins to feel a lively interest in this fair lesson reader, and just at this point occurs a tremendous chasm in the MS., twenty-four leaves, it is estimated, having been irrecoverably lost, referring to some of the most interesting events in the history of the Monastery. When we take up the broken thread, Wulfrith's daughter (Edith) is growing towards womanhood. Her virtues—the temporal honours offered to her—and the high esteem in which she was held, are minutely expatiated upon:—

Each man and woman loved her dear,
  And eke wild beasts and fowls of flight
To her would cleping come, nor fear
  But at her bidding down would light;

And from her hand their meat would take,
  But doves, of all birds, loved she most,
And greatest cheer to them would make,
  Since they were like the Holy Ghost.

Her skill in singing, writing, painting, embroidery, music, and sculpture, is not overlooked by her eulogist, who, after recounting the endowments of her mind, dwells with enthusiasm upon the meekness, charity, and self-denial which were native to her heart. A curious story follows concerning one of the nails alleged to have been used at the Crucifixion, and

preserved at the Abbey of Treves. Wulfrith, it seems, was very desirous of buying a "particle of this relic," and after some negociations with a Canon of that Abbey, effected a purchase of a particle for two thousand shillings. No sooner had she got the relic home, than "Seynt Adelwold" (Bishop of Winchester) craved a fragment of it. Wulfrith consented, a file was procured, and no sooner had they commenced operating on the nail, than it began to bleed copiously, until the chalice in which it had been deposited was full of blood; whereupon the Bishop who was quite "aghast," and the ladies, who were "sore afeard also," took to their heels and presently fell to prayer;—

> On the morrow tide at break of day,
> To the altar hied they all full fast,
> But the nail entire in the chalice lay,
> And the blood was clean to heaven up-past."

The Bishop hereupon returned to Winchester, and the nail was never again subjected to the file.

How Edith, at the early age of fifteen, was made Abbess of Barking, Winchester, and Wilton, and how "she dwelte at Wyltone styll," and how she wrought many miracles, and how she was mysteriously apprised of her half-brother Edward's death, and how the crown of England was offered to her, and how she "wold not Quene of England be," and how grand a ceremonial was the dedication by St. Dunstan, of the church she had built and dedicated to "Seynt Denys," and how the former Saint warned her that he had received a prophetic intimation of her approaching death, and how cheerfully she accepted the summons, and how she gathered all the sisterhood around her dying bed, and feebly said,

I pray you all, my sisters dear
Forgive me all offence I've wrought,
Sweet mother mine, forgive me here
Past faults in deed, or word, or thought:—

And how upon the morrow, they bore her forth into the church, and how they heard an angel, in the likeness of a little child, singing, in the choir, a strain—the like of which they never heard before, and how, commending her soul into the hands of GOD, the spirit of St. Edith winged its flight, the reader will find recorded with tedious prolixity in the one hundred and twenty stanzas which follow the three hundred and ninety-fifth. The grief of the survivors and the circumstances of the funeral are naturally told:—

But when this virgin forth had passed,
Wulfrith, her mother, wept full sore,
Her hands she wrung, her teeth she gnashed,
And cried—My worldly joy is lore.

Her sisters weep—their hair they rend,
And wail the havoc death hath made;—
Barons and earls—both sib and friend
With heavy hearts bemoan the dead.

On the day of her "buryenge," there were everywhere demonstrations of violent and earnest grief, and though

A merry mass was sung
By clerks with voices high and clear,

yet the "sobbing and weeping" of the crowd were audible over all. Almsgiving formed a portion of the ceremonial;—

A thousand poor men well were fed,
For of poor, that day, was there great throng,
As in the book I oft have read.

The chronicler, with a touch of gentle feeling, re-

minding one of Chaucer, next tells us that Wulfrith's "heart was so tender of her child," that she kept twelve maidens with her, constantly praying for the soul of the departed, about which "she had great fear," though, as the rhymer very naively adds, "she really had no need." In thirty days, however, Edith appeared to her, and speaking,

> Right as a neighbour doth to another,
> Or a knight or a squire to his page,

assured the anxious mother, that though Satan had done his utmost to prevent her daughter's entrance into heaven, yet, by the help of angels, she had been brought thither "against his will." Shortly after this, Edith who, in her life-time, had promised to stand godmother to a baby which had not yet seen the light, and which was born shortly after her decease, redeemed her pledge by appearing at the font of Winchester Cathedral, where the christening had been appointed to take place, put forth the baby's hand to receive the customary taper, and taking it into her own hand, "held it out forth-right." Having such a spiritual Godmamma, the good bishop recommended that the baby should be spiritually schooled, and she (it was a feminine baby) was sent to Wilton, and eventually became the Abbess of the Monastery. Her name, it should be added, was Bryghtyne.

Among other posthumous miracles recorded of St. Edith, there is one connected with a gold-embroidered altar-cloth, which we must briefly notice. This altar-cloth lay upon her tomb, and had attracted the covetous regards of a poor woman who

> Had come to that tomb her beads to say
> And waited till all had pass'd away;

when she drew forth her knife with "evil-speed," cut off the gold embroidery, and wound it about her leg ; but, no sooner did she attempt to quit the church, than she found her legs fettered and motionless. Up came the sexton and "asked her what her sorrow was," whereupon she told him all, made restitution of the embroidery, and regained the power of locomotion, while the stolen goods were exhibited on an altar in memory of the miracle. St. Edith's miraculous powers increased concurrently with the increase of her fame. She healed the sick, restored the blind to sight, straightened the crooked and maimed, cleansed the lepers, and gave to "frantic men their wit." The translation of her body was the occasion of fresh miracles, and we are next favoured with a list of those performed by Wulfrith, scarcely less extraordinary than those imputed to her daughter. With one of these, no less a personage than the then Mayor of Wilton was concerned. His worship had received some "little offence" at the hands of two priests, and forthwith locked them up. Wulfrith betook herself to prayer in their behalf, and here is the sequel :—

To Wulfrith's prayers God took good heed,
And freed them soon from prison strong,
Maugre that haughty Mayor's head ;—
Well, after that, he 'bode not long;

For to that Mayor so haught and proud
Such sickness God forthwith assigned,
That eke his life stood much in doubt,
Whiles he was clean bereft of mind.

So the Mayor evinced contrition ; St. Wulfrith interceded,

And GOD heard her meek prayers, anan
Sent him good health as he had e'er,
The Mayor became an altered man,
And worshipp'd Wulfrith far and near.

After her death, several posthumous miracles are recorded of her also, which we will not tax the reader's patience by even epitomizing.

According to our chronicler, King Canute, accompanied by a splendid retinue, visited Wilton, and being sceptical of the saintly qualities of St. Edith, was conducted by the Archbishop to her tomb, when and where, the chest containing her undecaying remains was opened before the Court; the King laughing scornfully the while.

But Edith was determined to show the King that "even in our ashes live their wonted fires"—for

She rear'd her body clad in white,
And gather'd up her limbs so sleek,
And feebly strove the King to smite
With her palm upon his cheek.

Whereat the King was full of dread,
Withal he was dismayed full sore,
And down he fell like one struck dead
As he had never fall'n before.

Of course the King was very penitent, made many devout and humble offerings subsequently at St. Edith's shrine, was saved from shipwreck by putting up his prayers to her, and acknowledged the obligation by having a royal mass performed at Wilton, and by a liberal donation of gold and silver for a shrine for "that blessed virgin's body." The wicked craftsmen employed, however, abstracted a portion of the gold, so that the shrine was about six inches too

short, but St. Edith, who appears to have been composed of very elastic materials, contracted her body, so that her limbs adjusted themselves to their new resting place. The wicked goldsmiths did not pass unpunished, for the Saint deprived them both of their sight :—

> And each went home unto his wife,
> As blind as a beetle evermore,
> And both were beggars all their life,
> Of grace and worship quite forlore.

More miracles ensue, interspersed with casual allusions to the Conquest, to the death of William Rufus, and the accession of his brother, and to the Pilgrimage to Jerusalem undertaken by the Archbishop of York; and so we travel from the 908th to the 1135th stanza, where we find the good Archbishop imploring the friendly guidance of Saint Edith, who, in reply, personally gives him assurance of it, while he, on his return, and in return, makes a pilgrimage to her shrine.

We are next furnished with a striking proof of the interest manifested by St. Edith in the welfare of the monastery, by her nomination (through the favourite medium of a vision or swoon), of one of the Sisters whom the chronicler calls Alfyne, to the government of the Monastery, but the Abbess nominate is at the same time assured that her tenure of office will be very brief,—a consolatory announcement, doubtless, to others who were ambitious of the pastoral staff.

Upon the death of "Bryghtyne" (*Brighteyne, i. e.*, Bright-eyes) Alfyne enjoyed the promised elevation for two years and a half, and then fell sick and died. Pending her illness, one of the sisterhood had a dream

(they seem to have been dreaming all their lives), which is very picturesquely told :—

She thought she saw an angel, and thus to her it said—
" Seest thou not GOD's Mother, standing ready by,
To the pray'r of Edith list'ning (that ever blessed maid)
To bear the soul of Alfyne to the joy of heav'n on high.

" Seest thou not fair Edith, of womanhood the flower,
And with her a great multitude of other maids also,
Standing all above the church, and poised upon the tower
To receive the soul of Alfyne when from out her body it shall go."

Subsequently many of the inmates of the Abbey fell victims to an epidemic, then raging in the town and neighbourhood, and St. Edith was of course appealed to in the emergency, but she refused to interfere, justifying her refusal by delicately reminding the sisterhood of the evil courses they had fallen into, and of the want of zeal displayed in their devotions. Finally she recommended them to bear their sufferings meekly, and to pray for grace, that "their souls might have good rest."

The remaining stanzas are devoted to a further exposition of the miraculous powers of St. Edith, of whom the reader must by this time have heard "somewhat too much;" but he will not refuse to join in the aspiration with which the chronicler concludes his narrative, and which we will quote in its original form (omitting the Saxon character used to represent *th*):—

Bot prey we Ihū that he g^{a}unt us,
That we mow come after' owre deythe,
To the same place th'as Seynt EDE ys.

Amen.

Chapter the Eleventh.

ANCIENT AND MODERN WILTON.

Of the antiquity and former importance of Wilton, few traces are now to be met with in the town. The ancient Church of St. Mary has been partially demolished, and when Time shall have toned down the whiteness of the masonry, and when Nature shall have invested it with a garment of glossy ivy, it will constitute a picturesque and interesting ruin, which will often find its way into the portfolio of the artist, and the sketch-book of the tourist. The little chapel connected with the Hospital of St. John is still in existence at the western extremity of the town, but

the Hospital of St. Giles has been rebuilt, and stands on the right of the road leading from Fugglestone to Chilhampton.

To the visitor, the chief objects of interest will be the House and grounds, the Byzantine Church, and the Carpet factory of Messrs. Blackmore.

As our business is with the past associations connected with Wilton, rather than with its present aspect, our notices of the existing lions will be necessarily brief.

Wilton House.

The mansion erected by the first Earl of Pembroke was designed by Hans Holbein in the reign of Edward VI. The garden front was built by M. Solomon de Caus in the reign of Charles I., and having been destroyed by fire in 1648, was re-erected by Mr. Webb, from plans which are presumed to have been furnished by Inigo Jones. The general plan of the structure is that of a hollow square,—a glazed cloister environing the central space.

The approach to the house is beneath a triumphal arch, surmounted by an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and the visitor is usually conducted through a spacious and well proportioned entrance-hall (around which are ranged some interesting specimens of the armour of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries,) to the Cloisters. Here is preserved the principal part of that superb collection of sculptures, which has obtained an European reputation.

"Thomas, Earl of Pembroke, began his collection of statues at Wilton," writes Dallaway, "about the close of the last century. He purchased such of Lord Arundel's, as had been placed in the house, and by

consequence, had escaped the injuries of this climate, so conspicuous in those at Oxford. They were principally busts. Lord Pembroke was particularly partial to that description of sculpture, as no less than 173 may be seen at Wilton on marble termini. The scrutinizing eye of the connoisseur will not allow many of this great number to be either antique or genuine portraits. But the Wilton collection originated in others besides the Arundelian. When the Giustiniani marbles, in which were 106 busts, were dispersed, they were purchased chiefly by Cardinal Albani and Lord Pembroke. Cardinal Richelieu was assisted by Lord Arundel, when forming his collection of busts, with intelligence respecting many in Italy, which he afterwards procured. These were incorporated with Cardinal Mazarine's marbles, many of which had been bought when Charles the First's statues and pictures were exposed to public auction by a vote of Parliament. When the Mazarine collection was likewise sold, Lord Pembroke was a principal purchaser, to which were added some fine busts from Valetta, of Naples ; a complete assemblage of all these forms the present magnificent collection at Wilton."

We extract the following list of the sculptures from the "Notes" drawn up with so much fine taste and scholarly feeling by Charles Newton, Esq., of the British Museum, on the occasion of the visit of the members of the Archæological Institute to Wilton, in 1849, and regret that we cannot transfer his learned and judicious criticisms to these pages, entire :—

CLOISTERS.

1. A circular altar with three figures in low relief in the style called *architectonic*, or imitation of the

archaic. The design represents Bacchus bearded, with long hair and ivy-crowned. Behind him his panther; in front, a Mænad or Bacchante; behind, another Mænad. Above, the following inscription, in archaic Greek characters:—

"Let us sing Dionysus, the beautiful, the reveller, the yellow-haired."

On this altar is an urn; on one side, a roughly-sculptured bas relief, representing Apollo Musagetes attired like a Muse; he is receiving a roll from a Victory who stands before him near an altar; behind him, a female figure, holding a torch; in the corner, on the right, Jupiter seated with his eagle.

2. Bust called Alexander the Great. Modern.

3. Bust of Antoninus Pius.

4. Terminal head of the bearded Bacchus, called Plato.

5. Contest of Hercules and the Achelous. In the pedestal, a modern bas relief, Diana and Endymion; in the wall above, another modern bas relief, Theseus and Ariadne.

6. A laurelled bust, with drapery in coloured marble, called Perseus; perhaps Hadrian.

7. A terminal head bound with a diadem; imitated from an archaic original; bust and inscription modern.

8. A Nymph sleeping. On a base, a lizard, a snail, a stork eating a lizard, a bird eating a snake, and waves. In the modern pedestal of this figure, a disk, on which, in low relief, a satyr, Comus, or Marsyas, playing on the double flute. In the wall above, a modern bas relief, Saturn distributing rewards to the Arts and Sciences.

9. Bust of Nero. Modern.

10. Female figure, in a talaric tunic, restored as a Muse. Head and both arms modern.

11. Bust called Didius Julianus. Above, a modern bust, called Libera.

12. Bust of Messalina. Head modern. Above, a female bust, shoulders draped, perhaps Diana.

13. Statue called Antinous, but rather Mercury.

14. Statue restored as Mercury. The trunk antique.

15. Bust called Anacreon.

16. Bust called Asinius Pollio.

17. Sepulchral bas relief. A male and female figure are reclining at a banquet of fruits. At the head of the couch stands a youthful male figure, who has just filled a wine-jug from a large bowl. At the foot of the couch a procession.

18, 19. Two heads in relief in rosso antico. Modern.

20. Bust, falsely inscribed Aristophanes.

21. Boy running as if in pursuit of something flying.

22. Boy playing with cymbals.

23. A Cinque Cento bas relief.

24. Bust called Coriolanus. Modern.

25. Bust of Antonia.

26. Modern copy of the Dying Gladiator.

27. A mosaic, with figures raised in relief. Hercules seated by the tree of the Hesperides; he wears a diadem, and holds the strap of his quiver in his left hand; before him one of the daughters of Atlas. The dragon is coiled round the tree.

28. Modern bas relief of Diana and a stag.

29. Bust called Pompey.

30. Bust called Cæsonia, but rather Julia Domna.

31. A figure on horseback, in alto relievo.

32. Small bas relief, Jupiter and Venus seated; before them a figure sacrificing.

33. Bas relief of a bull led to sacrifice.

34. Female double head.

35. Male double head.

36. Male double head.

37. Modern bas relief, allegorical figures of Painting and Sculpture.

38. Alto relievo of a sleeping child in black marble.

39. Bust called Philemon.

40. Bust called Matidia.

41. Terminal double head of Bacchus.

42. Bust of Titus. Head modern.

43. Female head, bound with ivy and a diadem on the forehead; perhaps Ariadne.

44, 45. Two modern bas reliefs.

46. Bust of Homer.

47. Bust called Annia Faustina. Antique.

48. Group in very low relief, Jupiter seated in a chair bearing an eagle on his wrist. Before him a candelabrum, and a young athlete, with his hands in a caldron, placed on a tripod. Above is inscribed in archaic letters

"Mantheus, son of Æthus, offers thanks to Jupiter for his victory of Pentathlon (or contest of five games) of youths."

49. Small alto relievo of the three Graces. Behind them two Cupids suspend a wreath.

50. Pine-cone and foliage in relief. Part of some larger composition.

51. Bust called Dolabella.

52. Statue of a boy playing with a ball. The trunk only antique.

53. Young Satyr, holding up in his right hand

grapes ; left rests on the trunk of a tree, round which a vine is twined.

54. Bas relief of boys with grapes, by Fiamingo.

55. Bust of Vitellius. Modern.

56. Statue, with a dolphin at the foot.

57. Bust called Portia. Modern.

58. Bust of Marcus Aurelius. Modern.

59. Bas relief, Cupid ; his head and shoulders enveloped in a mask representing the head of Silenus.

60. A sarcophagus, in the centre of the side of which is represented in relief a temple with folding doors ; at the ends, gryphons.

61. The death of Meleager. Bas relief from the side of a sarcophagus. Three groups : 1. The quarrel with the Thestiadæ ; Meleager is rushing forward, sword in hand ; one of the Thestiadæ has fallen at his feet, the other is drawing his sword ; behind, another figure with a spear ; at the side, a serpent twined round a tree ; 2. Althæa, the mother of Meleager, putting the fatal torch to the flames ; behind the altar stands a Fury with a torch in her hand, and a female figure unrolling a roll ; 3. Meleager on a couch, dying ; in front, an aged figure standing ; a bearded middle-aged figure supports Meleager's head ; behind the couch a youth, looking back, and pointing at the scene of the burning torch, and a maiden weeping ; at the head of the couch, but turned away from the sight of the dying warrior, is Atalanta. The sword, helmet, and shield of Meleager are placed by his bedside. At the feet of Atalanta is a hound looking up.

62. A crouching Silenus.

63. Bust called Vibius Volutianus.

64. Bust called Gryphina. Perhaps a muse.

65. Bust called Pindar. Modern.

66. Bust called Julia Mœsa.

67. Bust called Vespasian, but seems of a later period.

68. Statue of Bacchus. The trunk and right arm antique.

69. Bust of Caracalla.

70. Silenus with the infant Bacchus.

71. Cleopatra in alto relievo. Modern.

72. Nymph in alto relievo. Modern.

73. Female bust.

74. Statue of Hekefnecht? an officer of high rank, kneeling down on both knees and holding before him a small naos or portable shrine, in which is a standing figure of Osiris.

75. Modern bas relief of Victory surrounded by trophies.

76. Part of a candelabrum. On one of the three faces, in low relief, a Satyr dancing; on another a Mænad dancing; the third face, from the position of the sculpture, is not visible.

78. Bust.

79. Bust of a boy, called Alexander Severus.

80. Bust of the period of Hadrian.

81. Bust called Marcellus.

82. Modern copy of the Apollo Belvedere.

83. A group of boys, by Fiamingo.

84. Bust, perhaps of Sophocles.

85. Funeral banquet. A male figure reclining on a couch; in front, on a tripod table, a cake and fruits; behind him, a veiled female of much smaller stature, bringing fruits; in front, a draped female figure wrongly restored as Pallas.

86. Cupid on a sea-horse. Modern bas relief.

87. Curtius leaping into the gulph. Modern bas relief.

88. Colossal head of a youth; called Geta, but rather of the time of Hadrian.

89. Tragic mask.

90. Head of Bacchus, bearded and bound with ivy.

91. Modern copy of the Venus de Medici.

92. Modern bas relief. Venus and Cupids.

93. Bust called Lucilla, modern.

94. Bust called Apollonius of Tyana.

95. The Ephesian Diana. The body of white marble, the extremities restored in black marble.

96. Statue, called Meleager, perhaps Hercules. The trunk only seems antique.

97. Draped figure, called Æsculapius, but more probably an orator.

99. Head of Egyptian sculpture in granite.

100. Two Cupids. Sculpture of the sixteenth century.

101. Bas relief in rosso antico. Female Satyr, making a child dance on her foot. Modern.

102. Modern bas relief. Silenus with Nymphs and Satyrs.

103. Called Octavia, the wife of Nero.

104. Front of a sarcophagus. Two cupids in relief, holding a shield; below, two panthers, each playing with a basket of fruit; at the side two winged boys, with reversed torches; at each end of the sarcophagus a gryphon.

105. Part of a sarcophagus. Frieze of alternate Nereids and Tritons; at each corner a head.

106. Silenus reclining.

107. Modern bas relief.

108. Head of Apollo in his androgynous character.

109. Sepulchral stelé.

110. Scipio Asiaticus. Modern.

111. Sarcophagus of the late Roman period.

112. Winged boy.

113. A square altar, with a divinity sculptured in very low relief on each of the four sides.

114. Head of a Satyr, bound with an ivy wreath.

115. Bas relief, side of a sarcophagus. Venus seated between two Nereids and two Tritons; in the air flies a Cupid, holding a wreath.

116. Statue called Livia, but rather a seated Muse.

117. Seated female figure, draped to the feet, called Didia Clara.

118. Small statue of Muse.

119. Small Statue of Apollo.

120. Cippus, supported by a pedimental cover, on which are two birds, supporting a wreath. The two heads let into the cover are modern.

121. Bas relief of head of Pallas in porphyry, with a helmet in verd antique.

122. Head called Cleopatra.

123. Head called Germanicus.

124. Cupid bending his bow. Probably a copy of the celebrated Cupid of Praxiteles.

125. Small sepulchral bas relief. A male figure taking leave of a seated female figure.

127. Bust called Arsinoe. Modern.

128. Bust called Cassandra. Modern.

129. Sarcophagus. In the centre of the side a group, in relief, of Meleager making a libation at an altar; behind him, Atalanta placing her arms on his shoulders; on the other side, another figure; at each corner, a youthful figure, with a sword and spear; at each end, Sarmatian shields and axes incised in outline.

130. A female figure, presumed to be a water nymph.

131. Seated female figure, with a cornucopia, called Pomona.

132. The infant Hercules strangling the serpents.

134. Bust called Cato Major.

135. Bust of Trajan.

136. Cupid sleeping on a lion's skin.

137. A sarcophagus found near Athens, and brought over to France in the time of Cardinal Richelieu. The principal subject represents Ceres or Demeter sending forth Triptolemus to sow corn.

138. Above, a frieze representing the Four Seasons as four reclining female figures, each attended by a boy.

139. Group called Cupid and Ganymede, but rather Cupid and a young Satyr, who is trying to play on the Pan's pipe.

140. Bacchanalian bas relief of the Cinque Cento period.

141. Bust called Poppæa.

142. Bust called Augustus, but more probable of the period of Adrian.

143. A sarcophagus of the late Roman period.

144. Statue, with a ram on his shoulders; called Jupiter, but rather Hermes Kriophoros; an ancient imitation of an archaic statue.

145. A figure of Ceres.

146. Figure of a naked boy. The head is probably that of Telesphorus; and certainly does not belong to the body.

147. Europa and the bull. A modern bas relief.

149. Bust called Aventinus. Modern.

150. Bust of Otacilia.

151. Satyr looking back; at his feet, a panther looking up.

152. A small sepulchral bas relief. A male figure standing, clasping by the hand a seated male figure.

153. Modern bas relief.

155. Sarcophagus.

157. Bust called Metellus.

158. Bust called Lucan.

159. Female figure, clad in tunic and veil.

161. Bust of a female child.

162. Female head, perhaps of Venus.

163. Bas relief, representing the destruction of the Niobids.

164. Statue called Sabina.

166. Bust called Brutus Senior; the head has more of the character of Sept. Severus.

167. Head of a ram in black basalt.

168. Bust called Didia Clara.

169. Statue called the father of Julius Cæsar.

170. An Amazon, kneeling on her right knee and defending herself against a horseman, of whom no trace remains but one of the hoofs of his horse behind the lunated shield of the Amazon.

171, 172. Modern bas reliefs.

173. Head called Alcibiades.

174. Head called Anacharsis. Modern.

175. Hercules, his head bound with ivy, leaning back in a very strained and distorted attitude, and grasping his club in his right hand. Under his left arm is a naked male figure of much smaller proportions, crouching apparently in terror.

176, 177. Silenus, Cloelia. Modern bas reliefs.

178. Terminal bust of Socrates.

179. Bust of Marcus Aurelius.

Over the library door a bas relief, a female figure, Vesta (?) veiled and draped to the feet.

Over another door: Head, called Libera. Modern.

Heads in relief: Marcus Aurelius and Faustina, face to face.

Female head, bound with diadem, called Phædra.

ENTRANCE HALL.

A colossal Hercules, holding in his right hand a club, in his left the apples of the Hesperides.

Figure called a Pantheon. A colossal male figure, with drapery thrown over the lower part of the body, and passing round to the left shoulder.

A colossal Apollo, his right arm raised above his head, his left hangs down; at his side a quiver.

Statue of Faustina the elder.

LIBRARY.

Head of a young Pan, with little horns on the forehead and very feminine features.

Head of a Roman child called Annius Verus.

SINGLE CUBE ROOM.

Busts. Masinissa and Pyrrhus. Modern.

Sept. Severus.

Bust called Octavia Major; but more probably of the time of the Antonines.

Drusus.

Bust called Lucius Verus.

DOUBLE CUBE ROOM.

Bust called Marcia.

Drusilla.

Bust called Horatius Consular.

Bust of a youth, called Caius Cæsar.

Bust called Horatius.

Bust called Cicero.

Bust of a boy called Lucius.

Bust called L. Cæsar.

Bust called Marcus Brutus.

Bust of Julia Mamæa.

A marble urn. On it a female figure, reclining on a couch, and holding a patera in her right hand, below, offerings on a little table. Under each handle is a winged boy, with a torch. The rest of the urn and cover are decorated with fruit and foliage.

Urn, with bas-reliefs, representing nuptial ceremonies, roughly sculptured in a kind of pumice-stone.

Bust called Antinous, apparently a Mercury.

Bust of Lucius Verus.

Bust, called Constantinus Magnus.

Bust, called Marcellus Consul.

GREAT ANTE-ROOM.

Small copy of the Sleeping Hermaphrodite of the Louvre.

An ancient painting, said to have been brought from the Temple of Juno at Præneste.

Two small busts on the chimney, Otho and Vespasian, both modern.

COLONNADE ROOM.

Two bronze busts, one of which is inscribed Palemon.

CORNER ROOM.

Two modern busts, called Pertinax and Solon.

THE PAVILION.

Hercules and Antæus.

Torsos; antique, and of good sculpture.

Head of a laughing Satyr.

On each side the walk leading to Holbein's Porch, a statue.

1. A youthful figure, in a short goatskin tunic, with short sleeves, round which is a small mantle twisted across his body. In his left hand a shell, in his right a pipe; on his head a Phrygian cap.

2. A naked male figure, with two long fillets of flowers hanging down perpendicularly, one on each side, on each flank; as far as the knee. Restored as Bacchus.

HOLBEIN'S PORCH.

Bust, Themistocles.

THE PICTURES.

While we protest against the assertion of Hazlitt that "there is but one fine picture at Wilton House," we cheerfully avail ourselves of his own racy description of that picture *(The Family Vandyke)*, before passing on to enumerate the other paintings which grace the walls of the mansion:—

"Unrivalled in its kind, it is a history of the time. It throws us nearly two centuries back to men and manners that no longer exist. The members of a noble house are brought together *in propria persona*, and appear in all the varieties of age, character, and costume. There are the old Lord and Lady Pembroke, who 'keep their state' raised somewhat above the other groups;—the one a lively old gentleman, who seems as if he could once have whispered a flattering tale in a fair lady's ear; his help-mate looking a little fat and sulky by his side, probably calculating the expense of the picture, and not well understanding the event of it;—there are the daughters, pretty, well

dressed, elegant girls, but somewhat insipid, sentimental, and vacant;—then there are the two eldest sons, that might be said to have walked out of Mr. Burke's description of the age of chivalry; the one a perfect courtier, a carpet-knight, smooth-faced, handsome, almost effeminate, that seems to have moved all his life to 'the mood of lutes and soft recorders,' decked in silks and embroidery, like the tender flower issuing from its glossy folds; the other the gallant soldier, shrewd, bold, hardy, with spurred heel and tawny buskins, ready to 'mount on barbed steeds, and witch the world with noble horsemanship'—down to the untutored, carroty-headed boy, the *Goose Gibbie* of the piece, who appears to have been just dragged from the farm-yard to sit for his picture, and stares about him in as great a heat and fright as if he had dropped from the clouds;—all in this admirable, living composition is in its place, in keeping, and bears the stamp of the age and of the master's hand."

Nor let us omit to add that the room (a "double-cube") in which this magnificent painting is preserved, is worthy of the treasure it contains. It is in every respect a regal apartment (Charles II. was accustomed to say it was the best proportioned room he ever saw,) the walls white, with gold decorations, the ceiling painted by *Tommaso*, the panels beneath the windows pictorially illustrating the story of the *Arcadia*, the furniture of marble, gilded carvings, and crimson velvet, and the windows looking out upon a lawn, dotted with majestic cedars and sloping down to the water's edge, leading the eye to the graceful proportions of the Palladian bridge, beyond which a gradual ascent of sward rises towards a zone of stately trees which girdle the park and circumscribe the view.

We will now return however, to the pictures, which we will specify in the order in which they occur as visitors are conducted through the rooms:—

ANTE-ROOM TO THE CORNER ROOM.

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
1.	Democritus	*Spagnoletto*
2.	Virgin and Child, with Angels ...	*Carlo Maratti*
3.	Two Boys	*N. Poussin*
4.	Battle Piece	*Borgognone*
5.	Dead Christ	*Albert Durer*
6.	Battle Piece	*Borgognone*
7.	The Nativity	*Novellari*
8.	St. Sebastian	*Scarsellino da Ferrara*
9.	Our Saviour when a Child ...	*Paolo Mattei*
10.	A Piper	*Giorgione*
11.	Three Children of Henry VII. ...	*Holbein*
12.	An ancient painting of Richard II. &c.	*Anonymous*
13.	A Man Smoking	*Teniers*
14.	Judgment of Midas	*Filippo Laari*
15.	The duc d'Epernon	*Vandyck*
16.	Old Man and Children	*Frank Hals*
17.	The Ascension	*Giulio Romano*
18.	St. Anthony	*Correggio*
19.	Francis II. of France	*Zuccaro*
20.	Virgin and Christ	*D. Crespi*
21.	The Nativity	*Theodoro*
22.	Head of St. Paul	*A. Caracci*
23.	Virgin, Christ, St. John, &c. ...	*Contarini*
24.	Landscape	*G. Poussin*
25.	Virgin, Christ, &c.	*Raphael*
26.	Christ taken from the Cross ...	*Valerio Castelli*
27.	Landscape	*F. Mola*
28.	De Witt	*Gaspard Netscher*
29.	A Sea View	*Vernet*

THE CORNER ROOM.

30.	Prince Rupert	*Jansen*
31.	A Flemish Subject	*Brankenburg*
32.	Interior of a Seraglio	*Otto Venius*
33.	Holy Family	*A. del Sarto*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
34.	Dead Christ, with Angels	*Buffalmacco*
35.	Virgin and Christ	*Raphael*
36.	Christ in the Temple	*Salviati*
37.	Virgin and Child	*Albano*
38.	Boy taking Physic	*Bamboccio*
39.	Interior of the Dusseldorf Gallery	*Old Franks*
40.	Bacchus and Ariadne	*F. Mola*
41.	A Madonna	*Carlo Maratti*
42.	Virgin and Christ	*Baroccio*
43.	Departure of the Prodigal Son ...	*Woutermans*
44.	A Landscape	*Rubens*
45.	A Holy Family	*Parmegiano*
46.	Money Changers	*Dom. Fetti*
47.	Young Woman and Dog	*Correggio*
48.	Ruins and Figures	*Paulo Panini*
49.	Women bringing Children to Christ	*Huens*
50.	Virgin teaching Christ to read ...	*Guercino*
51.	Philip, Earl of Pembroke ...	*Vandyck*
52.	Holy Family	*Caracci*
53.	Mars and Venus	*Vanderwerf*
54.	A Landscape	*Claude*
55.	The Nativity	*Rubens*
56.	Dead Christ	*Michael Angelo*
57.	Infant Christ	*Vandyck*
58.	The Assumption	*Raphael*
59.	A Magdalen	*Titian*
60.	Narcissus	*N. Poussin*
61.	A Holy Family	*Francesco Penni*
62.	The Marriage of St. Catherine ...	*Sophonisba Angosciola*
63.	Judith	*Andrea Mantegna*
64.	A Magdalen	*Domenichino*
65.	Our Saviour and Joseph	*Canciagi*
66.	Head of Himself	*Mieris*
67.	Judge More (Father of Sir T. More)	*Holbein*
68.	A Madonna	*Carlo Dolce*
69.	Christ taken from the Cross ...	*Figino*
70.	Market People	*Giuseppe Crespi*
71.	A Holy Family	*Schedoni*
72.	Salutation of the Virgin	*Dawne*

No.	Title of Picture	Painted by
73.	Christ bearing the Cross ...	*A. del Sarto*
74.	The Assumption	*Rubens*

COLONNADE ROOM.

75.	Ceres	*Parmegiano*
76.	Interior of a Church	*Steenwyck*
77.	A Madonna	*Sasso Ferrato*
78.	Harmony between Poetry & Painting	*Romanelli*
79.	Edward VI.	*Holbein*
80.	Rape of Dejanira	*P. Crespi*
81.	Job and his Friends	*Andrea Sacchi*
82.	A Veiled Female	*Anonymous*
83.	Soldiers tearing our Saviour's Coat	*A. Caracci*
84.	Four Children	*Rubens*
85.	A Half-length	*Titian*
86.	A Gale	*Vandervelde*
87.	A Calm	*Ditto*
88.	Descent of the Holy Ghost	*Salimbeni*
89.	An Old Woman Reading ..	*Rembrandt*
90.	A Holy Family .	*Scheloni*
91.	Charity	*Guido*
92.	Birth of St John .	*B. Peruzzi*
93.	Virgin and Child	*Simon de Pesaro*
94.	Triumph of Bacchus	*Giulio Romano*
95.	Cattle .	*Rosa di Tivoli*
96.	Beheading of St. John	*Dobson*
97.	Shepherd and Shepherdess ...	*Bloemart*

GREAT ANTE-ROOM.

98.	Countess of Castle-Haven .	*Vandyck*
99.	Philip, Second Earl of Pembroke	*Ditto*
100.	A Landscape . . .	*Wilson*
101.	A Landscape . .	*Zuccarelli*
102.	Apollo flaying Marsyas . .	*Sebastian del Piombo*
103.	John, Duke of Marlborough	*Reynolds*
104.	Henry, Earl of Pembroke .	*Ditto*
105.	Portrait of Himself	*Vandyck*
106.	Dowager Countess of Pembroke and her Son, the eleventh Earl	*Reynolds*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
107.	The Nativity	*Theodoro*
108.	A Landscape	*Bartolomeo*
109.	A Landscape	*Berghem*
110.	An Ancient Painting	*Anonymous*

SINGLE-CUBE ROOM.

(The Ceiling, representing the story of Dædalus and Icarus, painted by *Gios. Arpino.*)

111.	Mr. and Mrs. James Herbert ...	*Lely*
112.	Mrs. Killigrew and Mrs. Morton	*Vandyck*
113.	Earl and Countess of Bedford ...	*Ditto*
114.	Countess of Pembroke and her Sister	*Lely*
115.	Thomas, Earl of Pembroke ...	*Wissing*
116.	Lady Catherine Herbert	*Kneller*
117.	Christ and the Woman of Samaria	*Gius. Chiari*
118.	Margaret, Countess of Pembroke	*Wissing*

DOUBLE-CUBE ROOM.

(The Ceiling painted by *Tommaso*, represents several stories of Perseus.)

119.	The Family Vandyck	*Vandyck*

This Picture contains ten whole-length portraits. The two principal, in a sitting posture, are Philip, Earl of Pembroke, and his Lady; on their right hand stand their five sons, Charles, Lord Herbert, Philip, William, James, and John; on their left, their daughter Anne-Sophia, and her husband Robert, Earl of Carnarvon; before them, Lady Mary, daughter of George, Duke of Buckingham, and wife of Charles, Lord Herbert; and above, among the clouds, are two sons and a daughter who died young.

120.	King Charles I. and his Queen ...	*Vandyck*
121.	William, Earl of Pembroke ...	*Ditto*
122.	The first wife of the second Earl Philip	*Ditto*
123.	Three Children of Charles I. ...	*Ditto*
124.	Duchess of Richmond and Mrs. Gibson the Dwarf ...	*Ditto*
125.	Duke of Richmond	*Ditto*
126.	Countess of Castle-Haven. ...	*Ditto*
127.	Philip, Earl of Pembroke ...	*Ditto*

The panels of the BILLIARD-ROOM are painted with hunting scenes, commonly attributed to Tempesta, but, according to Aubrey, copies of that master's productions from the pencil of Edmund Piers.

In the LIBRARY are the following Paintings :—

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
128.	William, first Earl of Pembroke	*Holbein*
129.	Sir Charles Hotham	*Richardson*
130.	Duke of Montagu	*Dahl*
131.	Lady Rockingham	*Lely*
132.	Frederick, Prince of Wales, Anne, Princess Royal, the Princess Amelia, and the Princess Elizabeth	*Zimmen*
133.	Sir Andrew Fountaine ...	*Roubillac*
134.	Barbara, second wife of Thomas, Earl of Pembroke	*Kneller*
135.	Pope	*Jervas*

and two architectural designs. In the DINING-ROOM are the following :—

136.	Dogs	*Snyders*
137.	Flemish Nobleman	*Van Somer*
138.	The Woman taken in Adultery	*Jennari*
139.	Sea Triumph	*Lucca Giordano*
140.	Virgin and Christ	*Procaccini*
141.	Andromache fainting at the death of Hector	*Primaticcio*
142.	Discovery of Achilles	*F. Salviati*
143.	Fruit	*M. Angelo di Campidoglio*
144.	Ark of Noah	*Giacomo Bassano*

At either end of the room are some fine specimens of the horns and bones of the Moose Deer.

THE GARDEN.

Anciently the garden belonging to the mansion appears to have been laid out with elaborate skill, and to have been of much greater magnitude than at pre-

sent. A rare volume is in existence (of which the copy now before us was sold at Bindley's sale for 56*l.* 14s. 0d.!) containing twenty-four illustrations of the former magnificence of this "pleasaunce," which is thus described:—

"This Garden, within the enclosure of the new wall is a thousand foote long and about foure hundred

in breadth, devided in its length into three long squares or paralellograms; the first of which divisions next the building hath ffoure platts, embroydered; in the midest of which are ffoure ffountaynes with statues of marble in theire midle, and on the sides of those platts are the platts of fflowers, and beyond them is the little terrass rased for the more advantage of beholding those platts, this for the first division. In

the second are two groves or woods cutt with diverse walkes and through those groves passeth the river Nadder, haveing of breadth in this place 44 foote, upon which is built the bridge of the breadth of the greate walke. In the midest of the aforesayd groves are two great statues of white marble of eight ffoote heighth, the one of Bacchus and the other Flora and on the sides ranging with the Platts of fflowers are two covered arbors of 300 ffoote long and diverse allies; att the beginning of the third and last division are on either side of the great walke two ponds with ffountaynes and two collumnes in the midle casting water all theire heighth which causeth the moveing and turning of two Crownes att the top of the same and beyond is a comparttiment of greene, and diverse walkes planted with cherrie trees; and in the midle is the great ovall with the gladiator of brass, the most famous statue of all that antiquity hath left: on the sydes of this comparttment and answering the platts of fflowers and long arbours are three arbours of either side with turning gallaryes communicating themselves one into another: att the end of the great walke is a portico of stone cutt and adorned with pilasters and nyches, within which are four ffigures of white marble of five ffoote high: of either side of the sayd portico is an ascent leading up to the terrasse, upon the steps whereof instead of ballasters are sea monsters casting water from one to the other; from the top to the bottome and above the sayd portico is a great reserve of water from the grotto."

The several compartments thus described, together with the fountains, groves, statuary, arbours and plats of flowers, are pourtrayed in detail by the artist to whom we owe the volume just alluded to. His name,

as appears from the inscription on the first plate, was Isaac de Caus, and he is surmised to have been a brother of the architect of the same name.

Aubrey adds the following particulars:—"The grotto is paved with black and white marble; the roofe is vaulted. The figures of the Tritons, &c., are in bas relieve, of white marble, excellently well wrought. Here is a fine jeddeau and nightingale pipes. Monsieur de Caus had here a contrivance, by the turning of a cock, to shew three rainbowes, the secret whereof he did keep to himself; he would not let the gardener, who shewes it to the strangers, know how to doe it; and so, upon his death, it is lost. The grott and pipes did cost ten thousand pounds. The garden is twelve acres within the terrace of the grott."—"The top of one of the niches in the grot, as one sings there, doth return the note A *re*, lowder, and clearer, but it doth not the like to the eighth of it."

The garden, now occupying the site of the pleasure grounds described above, has been laid out in the Italian style from designs by the Countess of Pembroke. Looking westward from the Library Terrace the eye rests—in summer time—upon a charming specimen of floral broidery, of which art has supplied the pattern and nature the rich and various colours of which it is composed,—in their harmonious combination and arrangement producing a singularly agreeable effect, which is heightened by the masses of surrounding foliage; while

> "In the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,
> The lightsome fountain starts from out the green,
> Clear and compact; till at its height o'errun
> It shakes its loosening silver in the sun;"

and the lengthened vista is terminated by the porch, known as "Hans Holbein's," and which originally led into the great hall of the mansion. At that season, too, when "this brave o'erhanging firmament" assumes its deepest tinge of blue, and every breath of air is laden with the perfume of unnumbered flowers, and the fountain rings out its chime of liquid cadenced music, and full-throated birds are thrilling their leafy coverts with a passionate burst of song, the Italian garden at Wilton will assist the imagination of the visitor who desires to "realize" the picture conveyed in the delightful verses of Ariosto:—

Zaffir, rubini, oro, topazi e perle
E diamanti e crisoliti e jacinti
Potriano i fiori assimigliar, che per le
Lieta piagge v'avea l'aura dipinti:
Sì verdi l'erbe, che possendo averle
Qua giù, ne foran gli smeraldi vinti;
Nè men belle degli arbori le frondi,
E di frutti e di fior sempre fecondi.

Cantan fra i rami gli augelletti vaghi
Azzurri a bianchi e verdi e rossi e gialli,
Murmuranti ruscelli e cheti laghi
Di limpidezza vincono i cristalli.
Una dolce aura che ti par che vaghi
A un modo sempre, e dal suo stil non falli,
Facea sì l'aria tremolar d'intorno;
Che non potea nojar calor del giorno:

E quella ai fiori, ai pomi e alla verzura
E li odor diversi depredando giva
E di tutta faceva una mistura
Che di soavità l'alma nutriva.

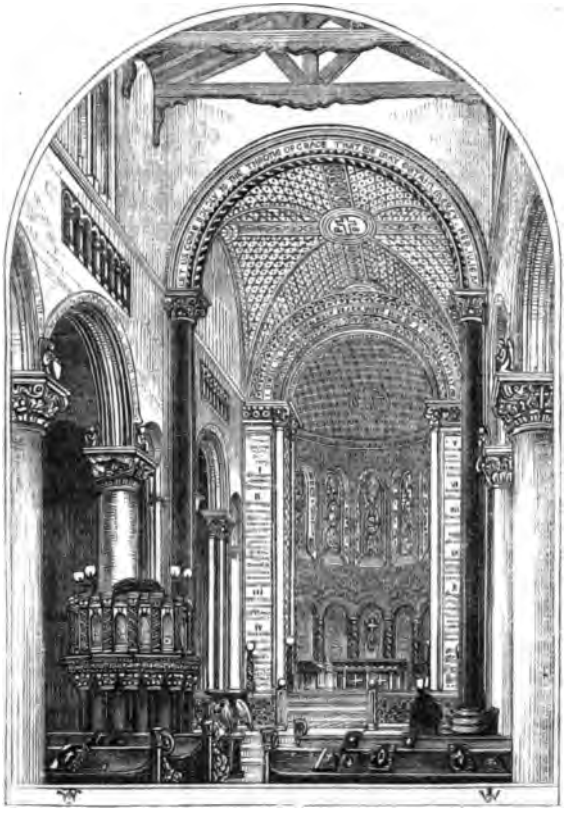
The New Church.

A stranger, visiting Wilton for the first time, cannot fail to be struck with the singular beauty and novel

design of the superb structure, which, by the munificence of the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, has been erected in lieu of the old parish church. Only one other instance of the application of Lombardic architecture to ecclesiastical purposes is to be met with in this country, viz., Streatham Church, which is much less ornate and picturesque than the sacred edifice, dedicated to SS. Mary and Nicholas, at Wilton. The following description of the structure (which originally appeared in the *Salisbury Journal)* is sufficiently accurate to justify its transference (with some few additions and omissions) to these pages :—

"The church is raised on a terrace, with a noble flight of steps 100 feet long, and a platform 20 feet in width. The centre entrance of the east-front forms an open-recessed porch within a rich archway, which contains four columns on each side. Over this centre entrance is a series of small circular-headed arches, forming a sort of exterior gallery at the back of the one within, and producing a good deal of relief and richness. Immediately above it is a very large rose window, of elaborate design, set within a square, whose spandrils are sculptured with the emblems of the four Evangelists. The lofty campanile tower is connected with the south east angle of the building, by a vestibule or cloister, whose elaborately carved open arches and columns present a pleasing contrast to the breadth and solidity of the other parts. On the same side of the church, at the west end, is a projecting porch (or vestry), which naturally increases the play and picturesqueness of the composition. Upon entering the rich door in the east front, already described, we pass between two screens of twisted columns, dividing the gallery staircases from the centre porch. Immediately

opposite to this entrance is placed the Font, a massive structure of black and variegated Italian marble. It is



carved with lions' heads at the corners, and the basin is richly foliated. The pedestal is of white marble, in panels, inlaid with vine-leaves in black marble.

The whole is raised on a black marble plinth. A very handsome gallery extends across the western end, richly carved in Painswick stone, and supported on beautiful marble columns of various colours, with alabaster capitals. Near the southern end of the gallery is the entrance from the campanile and corridor: it is a projecting door-case, formed by two twisted columns of black marble, with pilasters richly inlaid with panels of ancient mosaic work, in gold and colours. A fine Elizabethan monument, with figures kneeling, brought from the old parish church, is combined with the upper part of this doorway with very happy effect. Beyond this, the first side window in the aisle is filled with ancient stained glass of Flemish workmanship; and the corresponding window in the opposite aisle is also filled with ancient stained glass, with kneeling figures, and several ancient coats of arms. The pulpit is of stone, inlaid with panels of marble, and glittering with rich mosaic work, having also four twisted columns wholly composed of ancient mosaic, and supported by the black marble columns with alabaster capitals. The roofing of the nave and aisles is of open timber work, stained to imitate dark chestnut. That of the former is supported by massive stone columns, with elaborately-carved capitals, each of different design. The floor of the nave is composed of slate, inlaid with a border of various colours. The chancel is approached by an ascent of six steps: and the floor is composed of tesseræ of various colours. A further ascent of three steps, of deep red marble, leads to the inner chancel or apse, in which stands the altar: the floor is composed partly of tesseræ, and partly of marble of various hues. The Reredos is composed of twisted columns of red marble, supporting alabaster

arches. The pedestals of the columns are decorated with panels of ancient mosaic work, of which a considerable quantity is placed in various parts of the church, and was brought from Rome, where it originally formed part of the decorations of a church erected six or seven centuries back. In each compartment of the Reredos are stone seats. The walls and ceilings of the chancel harmonise in colour with the surrounding decorations. The upper part of the centre apse is perforated with seven windows, filled with ancient stained glass, illustrative of Scripture subjects. On each side of the altar, but close to the walls of the chancel, is placed a low twisted marble column decorated with mosaic work, intended to support lights. The apse of the southern aisle contains an ancient alms-chest, of wrought iron—a piece of rich and curious workmanship. The apse is perforated with five windows, filled with ancient stained glass. The apse of the north aisle is similarly perforated. The floor of this latter is occupied with a monumental sarcophagus to the memory of one of the Pembroke family; and the walls of the aisle contiguous are partially occupied with marble monuments to members of the same family, finely sculptured by Westmacott, transferred hither from the old church. The separation between the chancel and nave is marked by two very lofty scagliola columns, in imitation of black-and-gold marble. Between the aisles and the chancel are placed columns of black-and-gold marble, each in one block, 18 feet in height, with capitals of alabaster, and bases of white marble. The rose window at the east-end is filled with ancient stained glass; and the doors throughout this superb temple have panels of ancient carved oak. The height of the

campanile is 100 feet, and in it are hung a peal of six bells, brought from the old church. The remaining dimensions are as under:—From the western porch to the chancel apse, 120 feet; width, 53 feet; width of nave between the columns, 24 feet; height, 57 feet; aisles, 13 feet wide, and 24 feet high.

An historical interest attaches to the CARPET FACTORY at Wilton from the circumstance that here was manufactured the first carpet that was ever made in England, under the direction of Anthony Duffosy, who was brought from France by the ninth Earl of Pembroke, for the purpose of establishing a factory and teaching the art and mystery to the work people engaged. About 1740 a patent was granted to the proprietors for the exclusive privilege of making carpets in England, but the letter of the law was soon evaded by a firm at Kidderminster, who having made themselves acquainted with the process used, established looms upon the same principle, and substituting the bobbin *and ball* for the bobbin *and anchor*, kept on the "windy side o' the law," and proved formidable rivals to the original patentees.

Since the period of its first establishment at Wilton, the manufacture of carpets has been carried on with varying success. In 1767 there were not more than from sixty to eighty persons employed in the business; thirty years later, when Mr. Britton wrote his "Beauties of Wiltshire," he estimated the number engaged to exceed one thousand; at the present time Messrs. Blackmore find employment for upwards of one hundred persons, chiefly young females, from the town and neighbouring villages, and the Persian, Turkey, Axminster, and Wilton carpets manufactured by the firm have attained a deservedly high reputation.

On a recent visit to the factory we found some beautiful specimens in process of manufacture for the Royal Apartments at Windsor Castle, together with three others intended for the Exhibition of All Nations (the first designed by a Scotch, the second by a French, and the third by a German artist) which bid fair to maintain and extend the high character of the Wilton fabrics, and, by stimulating the demand for them, to give a lasting impetus to a manufacture interesting in itself and highly beneficial to the town and neighbourhood.

Wilton Worthies.

Mention is made by Aubrey of the following individuals, natives of or resident at Wilton, as having been "men of mark and likelihood" in their time:—

"*Darys Mell*, born at Wilton, was the best violinist of any Englishman in England: he also took a fancy to make clocks and watches, and had a great name for the goodness of his work. He was of the King's musick, and died in London about 1663.

"—— *Bell*, of Wilton, was sagbuttere to King Charles the First, and was the most excellent artist in playing on that instrument, which is very difficult of any one in England. He dyed about the restauration of the King.

"*Mr. Adrian Gilbert*, uterine brother to Sir Walter Raleigh, was a great chymist, and a man of excellent parts, but very sarcastick, and the greatest buffoon in the nation. He was housekeeper at Wilton, and made that delicate orchard where the stately garden now is. He had a pension, and died about the beginning of the reign of King Charles the First.

"There lived in Wilton, in those days, one *Mr*

Boston, a Salisbury man (his father was a brewer there), who was a great chymist, and did great cures by his art. The Lady Mary, Countesse of Pembroke, did much esteeme him for his skill, and would have had him to have been her operator, and live with her, but he would not accept her Ladyship's kind offer. But after long search after the philosopher's stone, he died at Wilton, having spent his estate. After his death, they found in his laboratory two or three baskets of egge shelles, which I remember Geber saieth is a principall ingredient of that stone."

We will conclude the present chapter by a compendious summary of the various particulars collected with so much learning, care, and diligence by Sir Richard Hoare, in illustration of the History of Wilton, and which do not admit of their being conveniently embodied in the preceding chapters of this work.

Royal Charters.

Charters of incorporation and liberties appear to have been granted to this town by Henry 1, John, Henry 3, Edward 3, Richard 2, Henry 4, Henry 5, Henry 6, Edward 4, and Henry 8.

Mint.

In common with other towns, Wilton "had a mint, but the coins struck here are not common. Three pennies of Henry 2, with the mint mark of Wilton, were found, with many others, a few years since, in Lincolnshire, and each of them struck by different artists; their weight is 22 grains each, and the inscriptions on the reverse are, 1. Aschetil. on. Wilt.; 2. Lantier. on. Wiltn.; 3. Willem. on. Vilt. Some pennies of Salisbury were also found with them. I

believe no other productions of the Wilton mint-masters," adds Sir Richard, "have yet been discovered, and that the collector may safely reckon them among the *nummi rariores.*"

Guild of Clothiers and Weavers.

A guild or company of "Clothiers and Weavers," resident in Wilton or within four miles round, was incorporated by Royal Charter A.D. 1699, at the procuration of John Gauntlett, Esq., M.P. The arms of the Company are, *Azure*, on a chevron *Argent*, three roses *Gules* between three leopards' heads, each holding in the mouth a shuttle *Or*. Supporters: two wiverns *Ermine* the wing of each charged with a rose *Gules*. Crest: a leopard's head, with a shuttle in the mouth, and crowned *Or*. Motto: WEAVE TRUST WITH TRUTH.

Churches.

In confirmation of Leland's statement, that Wilton once possessed twelve churches, Sir Richard Hoare supplies the following list, the institutions to these churches being recorded in the Registry of the Diocese:—

1. The Conventual Church of St. Edith.
2. The Church of St. Mary, now in ruins.
3. The Church of St. Michael, South-street. Last presentation, 1498. Site unknown.
4. The Church of the Holy Trinity. Last presentation, 1465. Site unknown.
5. The Church of St. Nicholas, West-street. In ruins before 1435, in which year the parish was united to the Priory of St. John's.
6. The Church of St. Nicholas in Atrio. Rebuilt in 1445, and in existence at the Reformation.

7. The Church of St. Mary, West-street. Last presentation in 1420; and the parish united to the Priory of St. John's, in 1435.

8. The Rectory of Ditchampton, otherwise the Church of St. Andrew, of Wilton. In existence at the Reformation. Site unknown.

9. The Vicarage of Bulbridge. In existence at the Reformation. Site unknown.

10. The Chapelry of Netherhampton. Church still in existence.

11. The Church of St. Michael's, in Kingsbury. United in 1435 to the Church of St. Nicholas in Atrio. Site unknown.

12. The Church of St. Edward. Returned as a Rectory in 1383. Site unknown.

Besides these, churches or chapels appear to have been attached to three of the four hospitals which formerly existed in Wilton.

In 1383 the Register of Bishop Waltham shews that there were eleven churches still in being, "which supplied employment and emolument to no fewer than twenty clergymen" whose names are recorded in the document referred to.

The Chartulary of Wilton,

now preserved among the Harleian MSS., contains copies of the following grants to the monastery of Wilton and otherwise:—

1. Grant of North Newton to Athelhelm, by King Alfred, A.D. 892.

2 Grant of ten hides of land at Fovant, by Edward the Elder, A.D. 901.

3. Grant of North Newton to the Monastery by Athelstan, together with five hides at Oare, A.D. 933.

4. Grant of Burcombe by the same donor on condition that prayer should be continually made for the redemption of his sister Eadflede, A.D. 937.

5 and 6. Grant of Swallowcliffe to the Thane Garulfe by

Edmund the Elder, A.D. 940, and of Wily to Ordwolde, his Theigne, same date.

7. Grant of South Newton and Frustfield to Wulfgar, his Theine, A.D. 943.

8. Grant of three hides of land at or near "Rollandune," by Edmund to Ælfgythe the nun, "for God's love and for her prayers," A.D. 944.

9. Grant of five hides of land, at Didlington, by Edred to Wulfric, his Thegne, A.D. 946.

10. Grant of ten hides at West Knoyle, by Edred to Ælfhealie, his Theine, A.D. 948..

11. Grant of the same land by Edwy to Wilfred, his faithful vassal. V.Y.

12. Grant of one hide at Winterbourne, and another in the Isle of Wight, by Edred to Ælfsige, his goldsmith, A.D. 949.

13. Grant of four hides at Didlington, and one hide at Udding, by Edwy to Ælfred, his Theine, A.D. 956.

14. Grant of four hides of land by the *Pear-tree* on the Noddre by Edwy to a kinsman. V.Y.

15. A similar grant to Wistane, his faithful servant.

16. Grant of ten hides at Kemsing (Kent), by Edwy.

17. Grant of ten hides at Upton Lovel, by Edwy, to Æthered, his Theine, A.D. 957.

18. Grant of six hides at Langford, by Edwy to Byruric, his Theine, A.D. 956.

19. Grant of twenty hides at Stanton (Fitz Bernard) by Edwy to Bishop Osulfe, A.D. 957.

20. A magnificent grant of one hundred hides of land at Chalk, by Edwy to "God Almighty, St. Mary, and the venerable congregation in the Minster, at Wilton," A.D. 955.

21. Grant of Chilmark to Wulfsig, and his wife by Athelstan. V.Y.

22. Grant of ten hides at South Newton, ten at Sherrington, twenty at Deverill, three at Baverstock, three at Frustfield, and ten at Watchingwood (Isle of Wight), by Edgar to the Monastery, A.D. 968.

23. Grant of two hides at Fugglestone to the Monastery by Edgar, A.D. 968.

24. Grant of three hides at "Avene" by Edgar, to a chamberlain, named Winstan, A.D. 972.

25. Grant of ten hides at Kennett, by Edgar to Ælflede, A.D. 972.

26. Grant of confirmation to the Monastery by Edgar, A.D. 974.

27. Grant of St. Benedict's Church at Wilton by Etheldred to Æthelnothe, his Thegne, A.D. 988.

28. Grant of two hides and a half of land, at Ditchampton, by Edward the Confessor to Thorth, his Thegne, A.D. 1045.

The notable maledictions which were threatened against all who should violate these charters indicate considerable familiarity with the vocabulary of curses on the part of the scribes employed, and in one instance there is a remarkable admixture of the terrors of the heathen Tartarus and of the Christian hell.

We must not conclude our notice of these charters without adverting to the explicit, expressive, and even poetical character of the land-marks mentioned in them. Thus the boundaries of the ten hides at Knoyle are defined as commencing at the Old-dyke, and running from thence to Cygean-cottage, to Cuffe's knoll, and on to Broad-lea, Wolf's-brook, Spring meadow, Winter-bourn, Nunnen-down, Scarped-down, Laverock-down, back to the old dyke. In other grants occur such epithets as the following:— The hollow spring, the watery hollow, the heathen sepulchre, the black graves, Anne's-thorn, the knotty cross, the otter's-hole, the winding marsh, the winding ford, the reed-way, the flax-down, the hoar apple-tree, the path of stiles, the rugged hill, the grey stone, the sweet apple-tree, the great thorn, colt's-hill, the long sedges, milking meadow, horse-well, Byrhtferth's tomb, &c. &c.

Abbesses of Wilton.

The researches of Sir Richard Hoare have brought to light the names of the following ladies who enjoyed

the Abbey of Wilton, and who must necessarily constitute but a small portion of those who were actually elevated to that dignity:—

Alicia, *Temp.* Henry II.
Maria, *Temp.* Rich. I.
Ascelina, *Temp.* John
Margaret, *Temp.* Henry III.
Matilda de la Mare, *Temp.* Henry III.
Juliana Giffard, *Temp.* Edw. I.
Constantia de Percy, A.D. 1321.
Sibilla Aucher, A.D. 1361.
Johanna, A.D. 1407.
Christiana Doulre, A D. 1417.
Christiana Codeford, A.D. 1441.
Isabella Lambard, A.D. 1448.
Edith Barogh, A.D. 1464.
Alice Comalonde, A.D ——
Cecilia Willoughby, A.D. 1485.
Isabella Jordayn, A.D. 1528.
Cecily Bodenham, A.D. 1534.

The last named Abbess presided over the monastery at the Dissolution, when the establishment consisted of herself, a Prioress, and thirty-one nuns, who were pensioned off as follows:—

The Abbess received an annuity of £100 per annum, with the house at Fovant, orchards, gardens, three acres of meadow land, and one load of wood weekly. The Prioress retired on £10 per annum. Two of the senior nuns received £7 6s. 8d. per annum each; another £6 13s. 9d.; five others £6 13s. 4d. each; four £6 each; four £5 6s. 8d. each; four £5 each; ten £4 each; and the remaining nun £2 per annum.

The various officers connected with the Monastery received the following pensions in compensation for the loss of their appointments:—

	Per Annum. £	s.	d.
The Seneschal in fee	5	10	0
Seneschal and General Receiver	2	16	8
The Auditor, his livery and	3	0	0
The Sub Seneschal	2	6	8
The Deacon of the Monastery	2	1	0
Sub Deacon	1	19	4
The Chaplain of the two Chantries within the Monastery	4	6	8
The five Chaplains, each	5	0	0
Thirteen poor Magdalenes chosen yearly to pray for the souls of the Founders, and maintained on the Alms of the Monastery	19	10	0
An Exhibition for two poor Scholars, one in each of the Universities, at £6 13s. 4d	13	6	8
Annual Alms to the Poor of the Hospital of St. Giles	1	0	0

"The Abbess of Wilton was, in virtue of her office, a Baroness of England, which privilege was enjoyed by only three others, namely, those of Shaftesbury, Barking, and St. Mary's, in Winchester. Each of these held of the King *in capite* an entire Barony, and were summoned to serve by their Knights in time of war."

Possessions of the Abbey.

A very minute account of the extensive possessions of the Abbey occurs in the *Valor Ecclesiasticus (temp.* Henry VIII.) An enumeration of the localities included in the list may suffice to suggest the extent of these possessions, the clear annual value of which was estimated at £601 13s. 0½d.:—Wishford Parva, Fugglestone, Baverstock, Wyly, South Newton, Ugford, Burcombe, Fovant, Chilmark, Bridmore, Alvediston, Berwick, Semley, Overton, Staverton, West Knoyle, North Newton, Chalke, Wassherne,

Bulbridge, Sutton Mandeville, Figheldean, Frustfield, Winterbourne-ford, Durnford, Laverstock, Stoke-verdon, Upton, Knighton, Chilhampton, Langford, and Horewood, in Wilts: together with others in Dorset, Somerset, Cornwall, Devon, and the Isle of Wight.

Bishops of Wilton.

Sir Richard Hoare inclines to the belief that the prelates who, in Saxon times, bore the title of *Episcopi Wiltonienses* were occasionally resident at Wilton, and he thus enumerates the names of those who filled the episcopal seat, from the period when Wilton was first erected into a separate Bishopric, until it was united to that of Sherborne, which was subsequently removed to Sarum.

1. Athelstan, consecrated A.D. 909, and chiefly resided at Ramsbury.
2. Odo Severus, who was also seated at Ramsbury or Sunning, and was translated to Canterbury A.D. 941.
3. Osulf, who lived and died at Wilton, and was buried A.D. 970.
4. Alfstan, Abbot of Abingdon.
5. Alfgar or Wulfgar.
6. Siricius, translated to Canterbury A.D. 989.
7. Alfric, also translated to Canterbury A.D. 995.
8. Brithwold, a Monk of Glastonbury.
9. Herman, during whose tenure of office the See was united to Sherborne.

The Free-school

Appears to have owed its foundation to a charitable benefaction in 1700, which has been considerably augmented by subsequent munificent bequests.

HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN.

"This Hospital was founded by Hubert Water, Bishop of Sarum, during the reign of Richard the First, and between the years 1189 and 1193. It was situated near or just without the West gate of Wilton, where the buildings of the Hospital and Chapel still exist, though unused and going to decay. The original foundation appears to have been for a Priory, two poor men, and two poor women; such, at least, was the establishment at the Reformation, and being considered to be rather of a charitable than a superstitious nature, it was not dissolved, and is consequently yet in being.

"The Prior, who must be a Clergyman, is in the nomination of the Dean of Sarum, and the poor people are nominated by the Prior, and lodged in a cottage adjoining the ancient Priory. Tanner, in 1739, stated

their allowance to be each £4 10s. 6d. per annum for maintenance and firing, with clothing every other year. At present it is paid in the following manner: —£1 to each per quarter, and 10s. additional in the winter quarter for firing."

Our authority supposes this establishment to have been formerly dependent in some measure on the Knights Hospitallers, or military order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Tanner states that at the period of the Dissolution its revenues, together with those of the Chapels at Burcombe, were valued at £16 18s. 4d. per annum in the whole, and £14 13s. 10d. in the clear.

Hospital of St. Mary.

Aubrey, in his MSS., speaks of a hospital in this town dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, but in the course of the laborious researches made by Sir Richard Hoare, he found no traces of it, and further remarks that if it ever did exist, it was certainly lost before the Reformation.

Hospital of St. Giles.

This is spoken of in the reign of Edward the Sixth as having been founded by one Adalyce, sometime Queen of England, for the sustentation of poor people. One John Dowse, Clerk, was at that time master of it, and four poor persons were partly relieved out of its scanty revenues, which at that time were of the clear yearly value of £6.

Borough of Wilton.

"23 Edward I. (1350). The Borough of Wilton is governed by a Mayor, Recorder, five Aldermen, three

Capital Burgesses, eleven Common Councilmen, and other Officers. The Mayor is the returning officer. The House of Commons agreed that the right of election be in the Mayor and Burgesses, who are to do all corporate acts and receive the sacrament."

The list of members given by Sir R. Hoare does not date back beyond 1660.

THE END.

NOTES.

Page 5. *The dying words of Gunhilda.*—In the massacre of the Danes in 1002, Gunhilda, the sister of Svein, the wife of an English Earl, and a convert to christianity, who had voluntarily become the pledge of Danish peace, was mercilessly beheaded by the infamous Edric, her husband and son having been first slain before her eyes. Almost with her dying breath, she foretold the vengeance which soon afterwards fell so heavily upon the race to which her murderers belonged.

Page 20. *The rudiments of that great pile.*—Before the site of the present cathedral had been finally determined upon, Aubrey informs us that the Bishop "rode several times to the Lady Abbesse at Wilton to have bought or exchanged a piece of ground of her ladyship to build a church and house for the priests. A poor woman at Quidhampton, that was spinning in the street, said to one of her neighbours, "I marvell what the matter is, that the bishop makes so many visits to my lady; I trow he intends to marry her." Well, the bishop and her ladyship did not conclude about the land, and the bishop dreamt that the Virgin Mary came to him, and brought him to or told him of Merrifield; she would have him build his church there, and dedicate it to her. Merrifield was a great field or meadow, where the city of New Sarum stands, and did belong to the Bishop, as now the whole city belongs to him."

Page 21. *At the confluence of the Avon and the Bourne.*—While these sheets were passing through the press, a valued friend (to whom the Author is indebted for many serviceable suggestions and critical remarks) has pointed out an inaccuracy in this passage, which should have been written "at the confluence of the Avon and the *Nadder*."

Page 33. *Becket's shrine, at Canterbury.*—The reader is referred to Mr. Nichols' able translation of Erasmus's Pilgrimages to Walsingham and Canterbury, and to his very interesting notes upon the same, for a fuller account of these religious excursions of our forefathers.

Page 46. *The letters written by Henry VIII. to Anna Bullen.*—"For the truth of these charges," observes Sir Richard Hoare, "we have only the Royal word, and an alleged examination by the Car-

dinal: and we leave them to that degree of credit which they may appear to deserve." The Cardinal, it should be observed, had fallen under his Majesty's displeasure, for having sanctioned the election of the Prioress of Wilton to be Abbess, contrary to the royal will, and the King thus tartly reproves the Cardinal:—"Methinke it is not the right trayne of a trusty loving frend and servant, when the matter is putt by the master's consent into his arbitree and judgement (specially in a matter wherein his master hath both Royalty and interest), to elect and chuse a person which was by him defended; and yet another thing which displeaseth me more, that is, to cloak your offence made by ignorance of my pleasure; saying, that you expressly know not my determinate mind in that behalfe. Alas, my Lord, what can be more evident or plainer than these words, especially to a wise man, 'his Grace careth not who, but referreth it all to you: so that none of those who either be or have been at any time noted or spotted with incontinence (like, as by report, the *Prioress* hath been in her youth) have it.' And also in another part of the letter, which sayth, 'And, therefore, his Highness thinketh her not most meet for that purpose,'" &c. &c. In the King's letter to Anna Bullen, the charges against the Prioress and against a sister of "Dame Eleanor" are again alluded to; and the result of the Cardinal's inquiry into the character of another frail member of the sisterhood is very broadly and specifically described.

Page 46. *The uncourteous language, &c.*—"Go spin, ye jades," is the blunt and laconic expression popularly attributed to Sir Wm. Herbert on the occasion of his first visit to the Monastery after its dissolution;—an expression both uncalled for and unlikely to have been made use of, and which we have alluded to only as a local tradition.

Page 58. *That here Spenser was received as an honoured guest and friend.*—We do not remember that any of the biographers of Spenser inform us of his whereabouts between April and August, 1580. Might not the interval have been spent at Wilton? "I cannot imagine," writes Aubrey, "that Mr. Edmund Spenser could be a stranger here;" but he omits to state his reasons for the supposition, and for these we must go to the poet's own writings. Passing over his eulogies upon the "gentle shepheard borne in Arcady," we notice first the allusion which he makes in "Colin Clout's come home again," to his personal acquaintance with Mary, Countess of Pembroke, sister of Sir Philip Sidney:—

> "They all (quoth he) *me graced goodly well*,
> That all I praise; but, *in the highest place*
> Urania, sister unto Astrofell,

In whose brave mynd, as in a golden cofer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are ;
More rich than pearles of Ynde, or gold of Opher,
And in her sex more wonderful and rare."

The existence of this intimacy appears to derive additional confirmation from the admission of that lady's "Doleful Lay of Clorinda" into a volume of his own published poems some years afterwards. Next we would point attention to Spenser's introduction of two of our local streams to the "great banquet of the watery gods;" —one of those streams, as it appears to us, being of so insignificant a character that nothing but the desire to do honour to a neighbourhood, with which we presume him to have been familiar, could have induced the poet to favour it with an invitation to the "Spousalls of the Medway and the Thames." The passage we refer to, is the following:—

"And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
And washeth Wimborne meades in season drye.
Next him went *Wyliborne* with passage slye,
That of his wyliness his name doth take,
And of himself doth name the shire thereby."

The allusions to "Stonehenge by the heath," which occur in the tenth canto of the second book, may also have been suggested by a visit to those "dolefull moniments;" but they are of too vague a character to be relied upon as satisfactory evidence. Finally, the composition of the poem of "Daphnaïda," in memory of the wife of Master Arthur Gorges, *of Longford*, (to whom the poet states he bore "particular good-will") may have owed its origin to a friendship contracted by Spenser, while enjoying the hospitalities of Wilton.

Page 66. By a typographical error, the year of Sir Philip Sidney's birth (1554) was omitted after the date given in the text.

Page 68. *Within the precincts of the Abbey grounds, &c.*—"The Arcadia and the Daphne," says Aubrey, "is about Verndítch and Wilton; and these romancy plains and boscages did no doubt conduce to the heightening of Sir Philip Sydney's phansie. He lived much in these parts, and his most masterly touches of his pastoralls he wrote here upon the spot where they were conceived. 'Twas about these purlieus that the muses were wont to appeare to Sir Philip Sydney, and where he wrote down their dictates in his table book, though on horseback." Our garrulous authority adds in a note, "I remember some old relations of mine and other old men hereabout that have seen Sir Philip doe thus."

Page 70. *The discreditable passion which inspired them.*—"These songs and sonnets," observes Hallam, "recount the loves of Sidney and Lady Rich, sister of Lord Essex; and it is rather a singular circumstance that in her own and her husband's life-time, this ardent courtship of a married woman should have been deemed fit for publication. Sidney's passion seems indeed to have been unsuccessful, but far enough from being platonic."

Page 80. *The jewel of her times.*—Of all the portraits of Sir Philip Sidney which have issued from the study of the poet, or the studio of the artist, we believe there is not one comparable to that which was written by Spenser, and eulogized by Lamb:—

"His personage seemed most divine;
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely cheerful eyne,
To hear him speak and sweetly smile
You were in Paradise the while.

"A sweet attractive kind of grace;
A full assurance given by looks;
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books—
I trow that countenance cannot lye,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye."

A highly interesting relic of the Elizabethan period is preserved at Wilton House. It is a lock of hair, of bright auburn colour, presented by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Philip Sidney by her own fair hand in 1573. It was deposited and long baffled search, in a copy of the "Arcadia" preserved in the library of the mansion, and was at length brought to light by a fortunate accident; a copy of verses by Sidney being found with the hair.

Page 98. *A pension of twenty pounds per annum.*—The pension, here spoken of by Aubrey, was not granted probably until Massinger had attained to some degree of celebrity (possibly in acknowledgement of the dedication of the "Bondman" to the noble Earl), for in inscribing his "Maid of Honour" to Sir Francis Foljambe, and Sir Thomas Bland, the dramatist says, "I heartily wish that the world may take notice, and from myself, that *I had not to this time subsisted, but that I was supported by your frequent courtesies and favours.*"

Page 108. *Lord Herbert of Cherbury.*—This nobleman tells a romantic story of one of the Earls of Pembroke, by the first creation, which we need not apologise for quoting entire. The period to which the narrative refers is the ninth year of Edward the Fourth, when an insurrection broke out in Wales in favour of Henry the

Sixth:—"Sir Richard Herbert, together with his brother, the Earl of Pembroke, being in Anglesea, apprehending there seven brothers, who had done many mischiefs and murders; in these times the Earl of Pembroke, thinking it fit to root out so wicked a progeny, commanded them all to be hanged; whereupon the mother of them coming to the Earl of Pembroke, upon her knees desired him to pardon two or at leastwise one of her said sons, affirming, that the rest were sufficient to satisfy justice or example, which request also Sir Richard Herbert seconded; but the Earl finding them all equally guilty, said, he could make no distinction between them, and therefore commanded them to be executed together: at which the mother was so aggrieved, that, with a pair of woollen beads in her arms (for so the relation goeth), she, on her knees, cursed him, praying God's mischief might fall to him in the first battle he should make. The Earl after this, coming with his brother to Edgcot field, after he had put his men in order to fight, found his brother, Sir Richard Herbert, at the head of his men, leaning upon his pole-axe in a kind of sad or pensive manner; whereupon the Earl said, What! doth thy great body (for he was higher by the head than any one in the army) apprehend any thing that thou art so melancholy, or art thou weary with marching, that thou dost lean thus upon thy pole-axe? Sir Richard Herbert replied, that he was neither of both, whereof he should see the proof presently; only I cannot but apprehend on your part, lest the curse of the woman with the woollen beads fall upon you." The presentiment thus expressed was fully realized, for both the Earl and Sir Richard were taken prisoners, and put to death! "It is very remarkable," adds the narrator, "that the younger sons of the said Earl of Pembroke and Sir Richard Herbert, left their posterity after them, who in the person of myself and my wife, united both houses again."

Page 109. *Lord Edward Herbert.*—The extract here cited is taken from an agreeable volume of "Papers on Literature and Art" by S. Margaret Fuller, an American lady, whose untimely death last year occasioned universal regret in the literary circles of New York.

Page 117. *His ashes lie beneath, the altar table.*—No tablet or memorial serves to indicate the grave of the poet-preacher, whose decease is thus recorded in the Parish Register of Bemerton:—"Mr. George Herbert, Esq., Parson of Fuggleston and Bemerton, was buried 3d day of March, 1632."

Page 119. *The first theatrical representation, &c.*—"In the Office Book of the Treasurer of the Chamber," writes Mr. Charles Knight in his delightful biography of the world's poet, "there is an entry of a payment of thirty pounds to John Hemings for the pains and expenses of himself and the rest of his company in coming from

Mortlake, in the county of Surrey, unto the Court at Wilton and there presenting before his Majesty one play in the 2nd of December last, by way of his Majesty's reward." On a reference to the patent to the company referred to, we find that it comprised the following names:—Laurence Fletcher, WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, Richard Burbage, Augustine Philippes, John Hemings, Henry Condel, William Sly, Robert Armyn, Richard Cowly, and others, their associates.

Page 139. *Erratum.*—For "Clarendon's summary of this nobleman's character" read "Clarendon's summary of the Third Earl of Pembroke's character."

Page 144. *He pretended to no other qualifications than to understand horses and dogs very well.*—Aubrey says that "the glory of English hunting breathed its last with this Earl," and that the stud which he kept for the purposes of "stagge-hunting, fox-hunting, brooke-hawking, and land-hawking," and "for at least half a dozen coaches," was not less than a hundred horses. Elsewhere he mentions that this Earl "had a wonderful sagacity in the understanding of men, and could discover whether an ambassadour's message was reall or feigned; and his Majesty King James made great use of this talent of his."

Page 156. *Anne Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery.*—A very interesting memoir of this lady will be found in Craik's "Romance of the Peerage," where the following anecdote, from Gilpin, is also quoted:—It was a custom on all the Countess's estates for each tenant to pay, besides his rent, an annual *boon hen*, as it was called. This had ever been acknowledged a just claim, and is, I believe to this day paid on many of the great estates in the north; being generally considered as a steward's perquisite. It happened that a rich clothier from Halifax, one Murgatroyd, having taken a tenement near Skipton, was called upon by the steward of the castle for his boon hen. On his refusal to pay it, the Countess ordered a suit to be commenced, so it was carried into length. At last she recovered her hen, but at the expense of £200. It was said that, after the affair was decided, she invited Mr. Murgatroyd to dinner, and drawing the hen to her, which she served up as the first dish, 'Come,' said she, 'Mr. Murgatroyd, let us now be good friends; since you allow the hen to be dressed at my table, we'll divide it between us.'

Page 157. *Philip, Seventh Earl of Pembroke.*—"This Earl," writes Aubrey, in 1680, "has at Wilton 52 mastives and 30 greyhounds, some beares, and a lyon, and a matter of 60 fellowes more bestiall than they!"

Page 175. *Wilton House.*—Upon the authority of the author just quoted, we are informed that the mansion erected at Wilton by the Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, was

constructed with materials furnished by the ruins of the Castle of Old Sarum.

Page 175. *Specimens of armour.*—Before the civil wars, the armory at Wilton House is described by Aubrey to have been very full. "There were armes," he says, "sc. the spoile, for sixteen thousand men, horse and foot."

Page 192. *The Family Vandyck.*—The price paid to Vandyck for this pictorial gem is stated to have been five hundred Jacobuses. In Aubrey's time it was appraised at a thousand pounds, and George the Third is said to have offered as many guineas for it as would cover the superficies of the canvass. It would be difficult to estimate its present value.

Page 193. *The Library.*—"Here was a noble library of bookes, choicely collected in the time of Mary, Countesse of Pembroke. Here was Dame Julian Barnes (Juliana Berners) of Hunting, Hawking, and Heraldry, in English verses, printed temp. Edward the Third. A translation of the whole booke of Psalmes, in English verse, by Sir Philip Sydney, writt curiously, and bound in crimson velvet and gilt; it is now lost. Here was a Latin poeme, a manuscript, writt in Julius Cæsar's time."—*Aubrey.*

Page 212. *Hospital of St. Giles.* "The inscription over the chapell dore of St. Giles, *juxta* Wilton, sc. 1624. 'This hospitall of St. Giles was re-edified by John Fowgost, Maior of Wilton, and his brethren, adopted patrons thereof, by the gift of Queen Adelicia, wife unto King Henry the First.' This Adelicia was a leper. She had a windowe and a dore from her lodgeing into the chancell of the chapell, whence she heard prayers. She lieth buried under a plain marble gravestone; the brasse whereof (the figure and inscription) was remaining about 1684. Poore people told me that the faire was anciently kept here."—*Aubrey.*

*** Among other men of eminence who have visited Wilton and recorded their impressions of the House and Grounds, Evelyn and Pepys must be mentioned. The former was here in 1654 and the latter in 1668. Evelyn's memorandum of the visit is as follows:—

"July 20. In the afternoon we went to Wilton, a fine house of ye Earl of Pembroke, in which ye most observable are ye dining-room and ye modern style built towards the garden, richly gilded and painted with story by Inigo Oreete, also some other apartments, as that of hunting landskips by Pierce, some magnificent chimney pieces after the best French manner, a paire of artificial winding-stayres of stone and divers rare pictures. The garden heretofore esteem'd the noblest in England, is a large handsome plaine, with a grotto and water works, which might be much more pleasant were the river that passes through cleared and rais[illegible]

effected by a meere force. It has a flower garden not inelegant. But after all, that which renders the seate delightful is its being so neere ye downes and noble plaines about the country contiguous to it. The stables are well order'd and yeild a gracefull front, by reason of the walkes of lime-trees, with the court and fountaine of the stables adorn'd with the Cæsars' heads. We returned this evening by the plaine, and 14 mile race, where out of my lords hare-warren we were entertained with a long course of an hare for neere 2 miles in sight."

Pepys's record of his visit is far more brief:—"So back by Wilton my Lord Pembroke's house, which we could not see, he being just coming to town, but the situation I do not like, nor the house at present much, it being in a low but rich valley." The self importance of the gossipping secretary had been manifestly wounded, and he dismisses the subject with a short, sharp, snappish sentence, very characteristic of the man and very amusing to the reader who will only conjure up little Pepys in his full visiting costume, turning upon his heel in high dudgeon at the gates of Wilton House.

THE ILLUSTRATOR of this work wishes to express his grateful sense of the liberality evinced towards him by the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, in according him a general permission to study from the very valuable collection of pictures in the Wilton Gallery. When that Right Hon. Gentleman entertained the Members of the Archæological Institute in 1849, he said, "that in his opinion the Proprietor of an estate like Wilton should consider himself as holding its treasures in trust, as it were, for the benefit of his neighbours;" and this liberal sentiment he fully carries out. The house and grounds are open to visitors every Wednesday and Friday throughout the year, and the fees ordinarily given to the attendants on such occasions are in this instance judiciously devoted to the purchase of blankets for the poor of the town.

JAMES BENNETT, Printer, Journal-Office, Salisbury.

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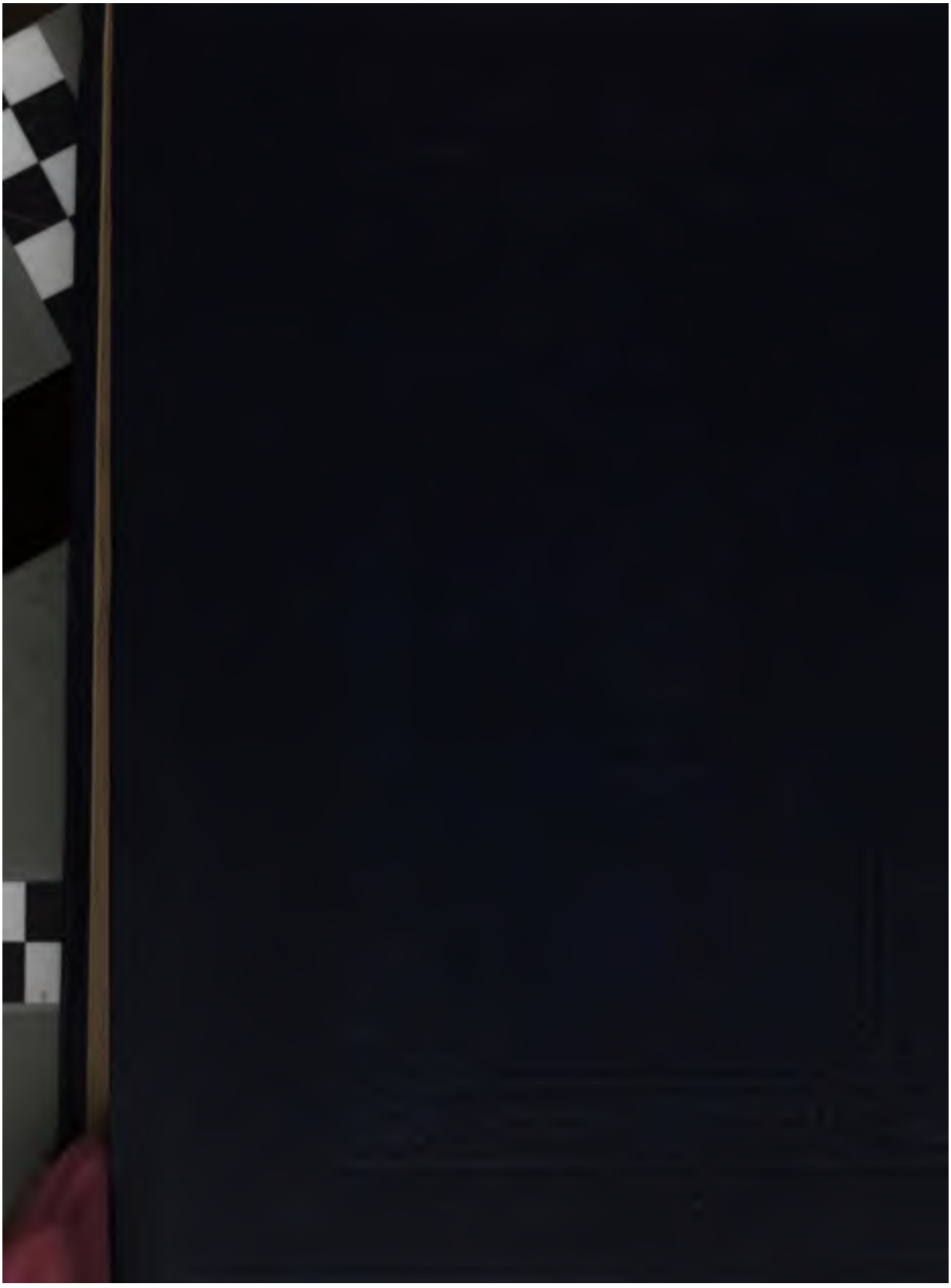
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